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THE POLICY SET FORTH by Franklin D. Roosevelt in his speech at the Woodrow Wilson Foundation dinner on December 28 amounts to little less than a repudiation of the Monroe Doctrine as it has been interpreted and applied in recent years. For he declared flatly—and it is the first time such a pledge has been made by any President—that "the definite policy of the United States from now on is one opposed to armed intervention." The importance of these words cannot be exaggerated, either as an official statement of intention or for their effect on inter-American relations. Coming so soon after the adjournment of the conference at Montevideo, they serve to confirm and give substance to the peaceful aims proclaimed there by Secretary Hull. Mr. Roosevelt gives full credit to Mr. Hull for his work in creating "a better state of feeling" at Montevideo, but the President's own words will, we believe, do more to establish a sense of confidence and security in the other American nations than the work of many Pan-American conferences. He admitted, with disarming candor, that until now the nations to the south have found plausible reasons for their suspicions and fears of the United States, and he asserted that under the new policy that would no longer need to be the case. He qualified his position in just one important respect. If disorder in one nation "affects the other nations of the continent," it becomes the "concern" of those nations. He did not discuss in what possible ways that concern might express itself, but he insisted that whatever measures might be necessary should be jointly undertaken by "the whole continent in which we are all neighbors." And this is another unprecedented and tremendously significant step forward in American foreign policy. The Colossus of the North has laid down his arms at last.

THE IMPORTANCE of Mr. Roosevelt's pronouncement makes it all the more unfortunate that he failed to make equally explicit promises in regard to those subtler forms of intervention that operate through diplomatic and financial channels. We have landed no marines in Cuba and, on the authority of the President's words, we may assume that none will be landed. But our warships line the harbor at Havana, and the present government of the island operates under the handicap of our tacit disapproval. This is intervention. In Haiti American officials supervise the customs and see to it that private American holders of Haitian bonds are paid in full—a form of protection that even owners of United States government bonds are not offered. This, too, is intervention. If the President wishes completely to establish faith in "the altruism of the richest American republic," which he admits has hitherto been lacking in Latin America, he will quickly take steps to abandon these measures of economic intervention which are no less potent because they are applied without the use of army or navy.

MR. ROOSEVELT, in the same address, reiterated his program for world peace. It is a simple set of proposals put forward in such common-sense and practical terms that the obvious impossibility of its general acceptance becomes a measure of the madness of the world. Mr. Roosevelt wants two things: an agreement among the nations to eliminate weapons of offense and "a simple declaration that no nation will permit any of its armed forces to cross its own borders into the territory of another nation." That is all. It should be easy to achieve, should it not?—especially if Mr. Roosevelt is right in his belief that 90 per cent of the human beings in the world would gladly accept such a policy. He calls upon the people to make their will to peace felt by the politicians who pretend to lead them and who oppose and ridicule such sane proposals as these. But can his call be answered? Most of the people of Europe and Asia are ruled by dictatorships or by governments pursuing cold-blooded policies of reprisal or aggrandizement or panicky measures of self-protection. Nothing short of general revolution would establish in power the masses to whom Mr. Roosevelt addresses his appeal. And so, while we enthusiastically indorse the good sense and humanity of the President's proposals, we are forced to cast a skeptical glance over the countries in which Mussolini and Hitler and the other political and military bosses of Europe and the Far East carry on their uninterrupted games with arms and negotiations and the lives of the people.

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OUR REFUSAL to recognize the government of President Grau San Martin in Cuba is having the disastrous economic results foreseeable to persons familiar with Latin American conditions. The American policy has encouraged every disaffected element in the island to oppose the present regime, and there is so much insecurity in the interior of the island that unless recognition of the Grau Government by the Washington Administration is speedily obtained, the present sugar crop will be largely lost. The larger sugar mills, almost entirely controlled by American interests, are faced with strikes and other difficulties which make it doubtful if the bulk of the cane will be ground. Several large mills have already definitely closed for the season. This action, in turn, increases unemployment and thus disorder. Because of the virtual paralysis of industry in the interior of Cuba the National City Bank of New York recently closed three of its branches, including that at Guantanamo. The Royal Bank of Canada has closed its branches at Matanzas and Manzanillo.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is to be congratulated on his Christmas Day proclamation restoring full rights of citizenship to some 1,500 persons convicted of conspiracy to defeat the draft during the war, or under the espionage act. The American Civil Liberties Union has made a long campaign for amnesty, and deserves much credit for the result. Both the Coolidge and Hoover administrations declined to issue a general proclamation, maintaining that each person affected should apply individually for restoration of civil rights. The American Civil Liberties Union contended, on the other hand, that those convicted under the war laws stood in an exceptional position morally if not legally, and that the federal government itself had admitted this by issuing many commutations. The Union maintained also that it would be practically impossible fifteen years after the war to reach all the persons concerned and to get them, even if they were willing, through the red tape necessary for individual amnesty. The Roosevelt Administration conceded the justice of an amnesty proclamation, but at first held that all persons affected should be looked up and their names included. Eventually this was seen to be impracticable and the President's Christmas proclamation resulted. The action applies to some 155 members of the Industrial Workers of the World, convicted in the Chicago, Sacramento, and Wichita trials, to various members of the Socialist Party, and to a considerable number of pacifists and other protestants.

THE BANKERS of New York City are gluttons for punishment. Not satisfied with having lost through incompetence and dishonesty the confidence of most of their fellow-citizens, they have proceeded to insult such friends as remain by proposing one of the most fantastic schemes of business ever conceived outside a lunatic asylum. Without attempting to comment on the various incredible details of the code of "fair competition" which they proposed to the Recovery Administration, it is enough to say that the plan would virtually drive out the checking accounts of all persons unable or unwilling to maintain an average balance of $500. It is true, of course, that the account of a small depositor who asks for much service is not profitable, but banks outside of New York City have got around this by making slight extra charges for anything beyond a certain set minimum. It is even more true also that American bankers have developed unnecessarily expensive methods which make it impossible to serve small depositors as economically as, say, French banks do. The plight of our bankers today is another puncture in that already sadly deflated gas bag once known as American business efficiency. Yet if the banking mind were illuminated with a gleam of intelligence, it would realize that this was the time of all times to retain the goodwill of the small depositor even at some out-of-pocket expense. General Johnson has rejected the proposed code out of hand, and has also repudiated the federal "master code" on which the bankers based their inflated charges. A final code is to be worked out between now and the end of January. It is to be hoped that the bankers will take warning from the public—and also the official—reception of their plan and devise a less fantastic set of rules. There is sound reason for government banking, but it would be ironic if the bankers should bring it upon themselves simply because they made it impossible for ordinary persons to do business in any other way.

PENNSYLVANIA has obtained the first results of its decisive anti-machine stand at the last elections. A confused, leaderless legislature, normally ultra-reactionary, has ratified the federal child-labor amendment at a special session, and has approved provisions for pensions for the aged and the blind. These were the only three measures of Governor Gifford Pinchot's broad social legislative program that survived, but in such a politics-ridden State as Pennsylvania even this modicum of liberalism must be regarded as highly unusual. And as a matter of fact what actually happened is even more unusual than the recorded results. The House of Representatives, lacking both Republican and Democratic whip-cracking, actually lined up behind a Socialist, Darlington Hoopes of Reading, to push through virtually the whole Pinchot program. It was in the State Senate, where only half the membership comes up for reelection in 1934, that the social-welfare bills were killed—not by a vote on the floor but by smothering in committee. Pinchot's proposals included a minimum-wage bill for women and children, a State child-labor law, a forty-four-hour-week bill, a bill abolishing industrial deputy sheriffs and the infamous coal-and-iron police, a full-crew railroad statute, workmen's-compensation revisions, and bills authorizing limited-dividend housing corporations. The Mellon-Grundy-Martin combination has killed this legislation for the time being, but Governor Pinchot is already planning another special session for March, and the program will again be presented. With the expected continuation of the anti-machine fight at the polls in 1934, and a consequent liberal trend in the new legislature, it seems likely that the entire Pinchot program will be approved.

THE STUDENTS of Yale University are being introduced to public affairs by way of the picket line and a policeman's club, and at least some of them do not at all like what they find. Lawrence Hill and William Gordon, members of the Yale chapter of the National Student League, were arrested during the first part of December for standing in the picket line during the Kirschner foundry strike in New Haven. Hill was clubbed by a policeman, charged with resisting an officer and with breach of the peace, and convicted on all three counts by Judge Devlin in the City Court.

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Gordon, charged with breach of the peace for looking at the badge of an officer who had threatened to "clip him alongside of the head" when he was trying to get witnesses for Hill and two persons arrested earlier, was fined $25. Hill's case was appealed. Immediately after the arrests the *Yale Daily News* gave the matter wide publicity, and two groups of students were organized to protest to the Mayor. The first group was refused admittance. The second was permitted to send a delegation of three as spokesmen to His Honor, whereupon they were harangued with a blast against communism. A large number of students attempted to be present at the trials, but the police cleared the courtroom of everyone not directly connected with the cases.

IT IS POINTED OUT by persons interested in the controversy that many of the students taking part in the various protests had never demonstrated in anything but a football rally before. The arrests, moreover, followed not only the picketing but articles in the *Yale Daily News* describing conditions in the Kirschner plant. Dean Clarence Mendel is quoted as saying: "Yale college authorities are entirely out of sympathy with the interference of students in New Haven affairs about which they are uninformed. . . . The college will not encourage the students in any extra-legal attempts to determine the right or wrong of any local problems." Somebody should inform the dean that picketing has been declared legal by no less a tribunal than the Supreme Court of the United States; there was, therefore, nothing extra-legal in the action of the students, unless it is illegal to print articles describing conditions in a particular factory. If the articles are unfavorable and untrue, there are still libel laws to which the factory owners may have recourse. If they are true, there is every reason for college students to take an interest in them and in strikes generally. There is something most unseemly in the attitude of a college officer who deliberately opposes, and attempts to persuade the undergraduates in his charge to oppose, student criticism of local industrial conditions. Yale is doubtless offering courses in sociology and economics. Where is there a better place for a direct application of the theories taught in the classroom than in the town in which the college is situated?

THE first national birth-control conference ever held in Washington will open on January 15, under the auspices of Margaret Sanger's National Committee on Federal Legislation for Birth Control. A number of topics relevant to the general subject of contraception will be discussed by eminent physicians, ministers, and experts in education and sociology. A special medical session not open to the general public will be held for the discussion of various methods of contraception not yet widely known, including the Russian experiment in immunization. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Sanger can persuade a large number of Senators and Representatives to take an interest in the conference, to grace it with their presence, and later to consider seriously the question of removing the legislative bans on the dissemination of contraceptive information. It cannot be said too often that such information should be freely available to every person who needs it, that it should be offered under sufficient medical supervision to insure that only sound and healthful advice is given, and that properly supervised information should not be forbidden the mails on the ground of obscenity. When such steps have been taken, persons who are prohibited on religious or other grounds from asking for or receiving contraceptive information can still refuse it. Others can receive it freely.

LIKE all advanced thinkers, we resent the theory that human nature cannot be changed. As Bernard Shaw once said, if it could not, mankind would still be living in the trees, and that always struck us as a knock-down argument. We have even read with sympathetic interest the accounts of those persons who, like our own Moscow correspondent, insist that man is being made over with surprising rapidity in Russia, and we were inclined to accept their accounts as fact until a few days ago when we saw in the newspapers the report of a disturbing incident. It seems that when Harpo Marx made his debut in Leningrad, his six-minute act was followed by a twenty-minute demonstration of wild approval on the part of an audience supposedly composed of new men equipped with completely reconditioned psyches. Apparently he strikes the Communist worker precisely as he struck the American bourgeois, and we don't know exactly where that leaves the theory that the interests, standards, and reactions of the collectivized soul are totally different from those of the mere individualist. Perhaps Harpo implies some comment on the class struggle which we failed to catch, but we are inclined to suspect that there is another explanation, connected with the comedian's name. Probably the Comintern will have a new hope for the revolution in America when it learns that we have not merely one Marx but four.

THE PRICE that intellectual Germany is paying for the Nazi regime is illustrated anew by the news that the Warburg Library will shortly be moved away from Hamburg, either to London or to the United States. This is one of the greatest collections of documents relating to the history of art and religion, with special reference to the Renaissance, in the world. To it students have gone from the United States, from England, and from numerous other countries. It was housed in a special building erected as a memorial to the founder, Professor Aby Warburg, by his brothers in Hamburg and New York. There is, of course, no more public-spirited, high-minded, philanthropic family anywhere than the Warburgs. But they are Jews, and that is enough for the Nazi defenders of pure Germanic culture. So this superb library is to be transported beyond the seas where it will be safe from Nazi ruthlessness. Meanwhile the Nazis have again shown their enmity to a great mind of Europe, now of America, by seizing the property of Professor Einstein. What has happened at Frankfort is also characteristic. Some years ago the university there was rehabilitated and heavily endowed by citizens of the United States and of Frankfort, largely Jews. The deed of gift stipulated that no one should be debarred from study at the university because of his creed. When the Nazis came to power, the names of all the Jewish donors were removed from the bronze tablets upon which they had been commemorated, and there was immediately the rankest discrimination against Jewish students. When attention was called to the deed of gift, the Nazis replied with their customary falsity that the Jewish students were not being barred because of their religion but solely because of their race, as to which there was no reference in the deed!

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Roosevelt Succeeds Through Failure

A COUPLE of months ago word was going about the country that the New Deal had collapsed. Not merely were those who all along had doubted the efficacy of the recovery program saying "I told you so," but within the Roosevelt camp itself a defeatist attitude was widespread although covertly expressed. Business had receded from the high tide of July; the NRA was behind in promulgating its codes, and those announced were seldom satisfactory either to employers or employees. The former were engaged in sabotage and the latter were calling strikes. The dollar had declined 40 per cent in foreign-exchange value, prices were rising in this country while wages were stationary, and many persons were beginning to realize from the first touches that inflation in practice was not the glittering paradise they had been led to expect. The prediction was more or less general that the Roosevelt program would crack up about the beginning of the new year.

The new year is here, but meanwhile a complete change of view seems to have taken place. Confidence in President Roosevelt is as strong as it was last spring. Talk of the imminent collapse of his program has subsided. This sudden shift in public sentiment must be mainly psychological because economic conditions have undergone almost no change since last autumn. The Roosevelt program is practically where it was with one exception, and that is that the President's financial policy is now revealed as an almost complete failure. Fortunate failure! In no way has Mr. Roosevelt been so lucky as in the failure of his scheme for raising prices through depreciating the currency, and if we look for the underlying cause of the present spirit of greater confidence, it may be attributed in no small degree to the emerging belief that nothing much is going to happen in the near future to the domestic purchasing power of the dollar.

Mr. Roosevelt began his term with a definite determination to raise prices to pre-depression levels. On the one hand, he planned to raise the income of two classes in particular—the farmers and the low-paid industrial workers. On the other hand, he aimed to raise prices in general for the benefit of the debtor class. The country as a whole fell in with the program without stopping to ask whether there was any sound reason to raise prices at all or if there was any way of advancing one class except at the expense of another. To carry out his plan Mr. Roosevelt relied upon processing taxes and wage minimums at home. Abroad he deliberately sought to depreciate the value of the dollar. Not satisfied with the abandonment of the gold standard, he drove the dollar still lower in the foreign market by his gold-purchasing program in the hope that domestic prices would rise accordingly and there would be a great transfer of money into commodities. Nothing of the sort happened. There was a certain shift of capital (which was not desired) from this to other countries, but it was less than the circumstances warranted. Europeans, with the recollection fresh before them of the havoc of war and post-war inflation, began to get rid of their American dollars at a sacrifice. Americans, with a long history behind them of established currency, refused to be as panicky as they ought to have been. The "Buy Now" campaign petered out ignominiously and is now forgotten.

The attempt to raise prices in general failed almost entirely. The attempt to raise those of the farmer in particular was a little more successful. There has been an increase in the cost of living in America of about 16 per cent since last spring. This is assignable in the main to dearer food—that is, to the effort to raise farmers' prices through the processing taxes. The farmer has profited somewhat by higher prices, although not as much as had been hoped. The value of ten leading crops in 1933 was 42 per cent higher than in 1932 (for a lesser amount), but it was slightly less than in 1931 and about half of what it was in 1929. Despite somewhat higher prices, many farmers were still in a rebellious mood last autumn. What has quieted them since has been the direct money paid out by the federal government for acreage reduction, for hog slaughtering, and as crop loans.

The result of the effort to help especially the low-paid industrial worker is harder to assay than that in behalf of the farmer. Some low wages have been bettered, but in consequence certain workers have been displaced for more productive ones. A survey in Buffalo indicates that unemployment among women workers there, which amounted to 25 per cent in 1932, rose to 56 per cent in 1933. There may be a definite connection between this and minimum wages. There is somewhat less unemployment now than a year ago, but the National Industrial Conference Board says that weekly earnings per worker have declined with the shortening of the working week. Like the farmer, the low-paid or unemployed industrial worker seems to have benefited not so much by the stimulation of private industry as by direct government relief.

A comparison of various indices suggests that business in general may be about 10 per cent better than at this time last year. The National Retail Dry Goods Association reports that trade was 18 per cent better in the first half of December, 1933, than in 1932, but this is based on money received, not on the volume of goods sold, and is partly accounted for by higher prices. In some lines the volume of goods sold was less, indicating a declining standard of living.

On the whole, the material gains of the Roosevelt Administration so far have been slight and probably based more on gradually emerging forces making for economic recovery than on political palliatives. But the psychological and educational gains have been substantial. The country has at least passed from Hoover do-nothingism to a policy of self-help, and Mr. Roosevelt's energy and buoyancy have been a healthful tonic. The Administration is shifting from the attempt to revive industry by artificially raising prices to an effort to stimulate it by industrial projects of its own, by loans, and by direct relief.

The cruelty of inflated prices without increased income for the average American has been postponed, but by no means averted. Indeed, the present tendencies at Washington may bring through inexorable economic forces what Mr. Roosevelt failed to achieve by artificial political means. Federal expenditures are running and will continue to run far ahead of receipts. There is no hope of a balanced budget.

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Probably we should not try for one. If it is fair to pass on any burden to the future, it is fair to pass on some of the present load. But that means big bond issues and thus an inflation of credit and prices. Unless an attempt is made by the present Congress to pay in part as we go through drastic taxation of the well-to-do, we shall shortly be confronted by enormously ballooned prices without a corresponding increase in income for the average man. In effect that will be a capital levy, but a capital levy falling chiefly not on the rich but on the poor.

The Milk Scandal

THE forced resignation recently of Clyde L. King as federal milk administrator resulted from a situation that had the makings of a major scandal and not from minor differences between the right and left wings of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, as the press generally reported. The Philadelphian, it seems, had permitted friendship and personal business associations to stand in the way of milk regulations aimed at protecting the consumer and the independent dairyman as well as the large producers and distributors making up what the small farmer calls the milk trust. Although Mr. King's earlier administrative actions, including the foisting of an unfair method of marketing upon the dairyman, and the confiscation of the books of the powerful and almost monopolistic Interstate Milk Producers' Association just before they were to be audited, cast some doubt upon his fitness for the delicate task of unbiased supervision, it was not until it was revealed that one of the leading lights of the milk trust had a desk in Mr. King's office in Washington that the storm really broke. Mr. King himself denied undue friendliness with the large milk interests, although he had been in their service for many years as an "impartial" arbitrator. But Henry N. Woolman, secretary-treasurer of Philadelphia's largest dairy (the Supplee-Wills-Jones Company) and a director of the National Dairy Products Corporation and the Philadelphia Milk Exchange—nominal head of the milk trust which controls the industry in ten Eastern States—admitted to a Senate committee that he dictated his correspondence in Mr. King's office, that he conferred frequently with Mr. King about the formulation of marketing agreements, and that he had been a close friend of the administrator for some seventeen years and his employer for several years.

His pet project has been the basic-surplus plan of marketing control. Briefly, this gives the farmer one price for a stipulated amount of bulk milk and another smaller price for any milk produced above that "quota." But there is no such restriction upon the distributor. The spread of profit is never diminished, since a price cut is passed on to the farmer. On the other hand, higher prices for the farmer simply mean higher prices for the consumer; the distributor takes no loss. This system gives large distributors average earnings of 25 per cent, while the small farmer is lucky to break even. The large cooperatives are, of course, controlled by the distributors, and share the profits. That strikes and widespread bootlegging of milk are produced by tactics like these—and that of forcing independent dairymen into bankruptcy—is not to be wondered at.

In thirteen cities marketing agreements of this nature have been forced upon the producer and consumer by the large middle-man interests. But they have failed to hold up under fire. Immediately upon Mr. King's withdrawal, Secretary Wallace, who favors rigid production control as the sanest solution of the milk problem, began the work of revising these pacts. The Chicago marketing agreement has already been scrapped. The vicious Philadelphia agreement goes next. The New York pact, not yet completed, is destined for thorough renovation. Mr. Wallace has characterized the profits of milk distributors as exorbitant; that he plans to cut them from both ends by raising prices to farmers and reducing retail costs would seem to follow naturally. In Pennsylvania, meanwhile, the milk trust has won a legislative victory by succeeding in keeping its large cooperatives from the jurisdiction of the new State Milk Control Board. But the victory may prove a Pyrrhic one; agrarian revolts in the commonwealth will probably alter this at an expected special session.

That the milk problem is moving toward solution through some form of socialization is indicated by the turn of events since the King ouster. The new administrator, Jerry H. Mason of Iowa, will carry out the Wallace and Tugwell policies of enlightened social planning. Municipal distribution of milk in our great cities would seem to be the solution for the present unsatisfactory conditions. There is no valid reason why such a plan should not work, and it might well be a first step toward eventual nationalization of the whole milk industry.

Civilizing the Indian

THE American policy with the Indian tribes which occupied the territory of the United States before white men came has always been a simple one. We robbed them, murdered them, and then proceeded to "civilize" them. Of the three, the civilizing process has been by no means the least painful. Of late years it has consisted in a system of education for Indian children which took them from their parents at the age of seven, kept them in a boarding-school until they were eighteen, underfed and underclothed them, forcibly exposed them to the worst features of the routine of white public schools, and spared no pains, at any point, to stamp out their Indian culture and heritage. They were then restored to their homes, which had become alien to them, and were at the same time compelled to live generally separate and remote from white civilization, only the least significant features of which had ever been presented to them. In brief, their traditions were destroyed and they were given nothing valuable to take their place.

It was to be expected that when John Collier was appointed Commissioner of Indian Affairs by President Roosevelt he would attempt to change this policy. Having spent a number of years in efforts to ameliorate the condition of the Indians, he at least knew what he would like to do for them. And the measure of his success so far is as heartening as it is astonishing. Curiously enough, he was helped by the necessity of rigorous economy in the administration of the Indian Bureau. It cost about $400 a year to keep an Indian child in a boarding-school. Mr. Collier has insti-

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tuted a system of community day schools for which the cost is less than half that—in some cases a quarter of it. The boarding-schools have not been entirely done away with. But whereas they formerly took all Indian children as pupils, they now take only special classes of children—orphans without homes, children with a definitely bad home environment, children without local school facilities, and high-school pupils desiring special vocational training not offered by local schools. The number of boarding-school children in 1931 was 21,677; by 1935 it is estimated that this number will have been reduced to 13,660, and that at the same time about 65,000 children will be attending local day schools or public schools. And in the meantime most of the objectionable features of the boarding-schools that remain in operation have been modified, and attempts are being made to bring the boarding-school into contact with the Indian community as much as possible.

The community day schools are, of course, the most interesting feature of Commissioner Collier's educational program. Ideally it would be preferable to establish such a program of community education—which would be offered to and participated in by adults as well as children—over a comparatively long period of time and by slow degrees. The economic stringency, however, has made haste necessary, with the result that one of the greatest problems in the new program is finding suitable teachers, either Indian or white, as fast as the schools are built and equipped. Unlike the ten- or eight-month schedule of the ordinary public-school teacher, these teachers must be on the job every month in the year. The summer is the time when they teach the parents of the children to make gardens and to practice sanitation not so imperative in the winter. In the Navajo country alone there will be fifty or sixty new school centers, about fourteen of them including advanced training through eighteen or twenty years of age. These schools must actually be built, and funds from the Public Works or Civil Works Administration are being supplied for the purpose. Here they will attempt to teach the parents of the children and the children themselves better ways of living in their own hogans, better ways of utilizing their water and soil, better ways of handling their sheep and goats, at the same time that they teach the three R's and encourage Indian arts and crafts, which until now we have been at such pains to destroy or to vulgarize. The closest possible cooperation will be maintained, through the children in many cases, between the school and the parents. The school, indeed, will eventually be the social center of the community, and it will influence the Indians themselves without at the same time antagonizing, frightening, or exploiting them.

That this is a better way of "civilizing" them than our earlier methods seems obvious. Inevitably Indians must be exposed to white civilization, but they will find it infinitely more helpful and friendly than heretofore, and they will, moreover, understand and be able to make use of it. At the same time what is useful and beautiful in Indian culture—and there is much—will so far as possible be saved for them, or for us. It was another Roosevelt who established the Bureau of American Ethnology to preserve what was left of aboriginal culture before it was lost to us forever. President Roosevelt today has carried on an admirable family tradition by placing in charge of Indian affairs a man who has devoted his life to the Indians.

E. W. Howe Retires

THE publisher, editor, and sole author of *E. W. Howe's Monthly* has every right to put down his pen, as he now does at eighty. The paper had finished its twenty-second year, and Mr. Howe must have grown weary of writing even those paragraphs which connoisseurs of journalism considered the best of their kind. But thousands of his readers will be sorry for the change, and doubtless he himself will be lost for a while without that page upon which he carved so many perfect sayings.

He has his high place among those American writers who have chosen the footpath to fame. This is the path of common sense, and it is so seldom taken in our practical land that one who follows it to the end is set down as an eccentric. Mr. Howe as the Sage of Potato Hill (Kansas) has been one of our eccentrics. Without the mockery of Artemus Ward, without the rage of Mark Twain, without the boisterous brogue of Mr. Dooley, he has yet managed to strike us as something of a crank; and all because he has refused to surrender his rustic illusion not only that the world is a very simple place to those who can see it simply but that those who do not so see it are deliberately perverse. To every problem he has turned the cold shoulder of a sage who knows that "millions of people have lived millions of years and tried everything," the best of them finding in the end that there are no problems beyond the primeval ones connected with the practice of "fairness, politeness, industry, and thrift."

To say that virtues of that sort are the sole concern of man is not to say that they are easily achieved, nor has Mr. Howe said this. Like Jonathan Swift he notes the rarity of the very simplest virtues and so concludes them to be the hardest to attain. The "higher" ones are "big talk," as all the schemes for reorganizing society are "big talk" to which a plain man will pay no heed. For the plain man, knowing how he ought to live, knows also that if he lived that way—and every other man likewise—there would be no crises. To which there is doubtless an answer. But Mr. Howe is not the kind of writer whom one answers. He is unanswerable, as any perfect writer is. Witness the following sentences from the *Monthly*, some of which in all probability go over ground covered by Mr. Howe in the Atchison *Daily Globe* between 1877 and 1911. For he has never changed his mind, and he has never changed his tune.

> A good scare is worth more to a man than good advice. . . . Half the promises people say were never kept were never made. . . . War is so wicked, so unnecessary, so foolish, that I rather believe the people should be punished for submitting to it. . . . The greatest punishment is to be despised by your neighbors, the world, and members of your family. . . . Except the flood, nothing was ever as bad as reported. . . . After a woman has looked at a man three or four times she notices something about him that should be changed; and after an acquaintance of a few weeks she will suggest that the change be made. . . . Financial sense is knowing that many men will promise to do a certain thing and fail to do it. . . . We are not free; it was not intended we should be. A book of rules is placed in our cradle, and we never get rid of it until we reach our graves. Then we are free, and only then.

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"This new poison gas of mine completely dissolves the lungs and intestines."

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Issues and Men

Mr. Hull, Pan-America, and the Tariffs

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S telegram of commendation to Secretary Hull concerning his achievement at Montevideo was well deserved. While the details of all that has taken place are lacking, enough has come out to make it plain that the United States made a better showing than for a long time past. Secretary Hull's obvious sincerity and simplicity, his genuine kindliness, his earnestness, and his straightforward way in dealing with those with whom he comes in contact have all plainly had their effect in Montevideo. Merely to send a man of this type was a tremendous change from the past. There was every evidence at the outset that a lot of dynamite was lying around loose which would be exploded against the United States if it tried any of its domineering, swashbuckling, and Lord-of-Creation tactics of the past. No one could possibly accuse Mr. Hull of anything of the kind, and the dynamite did not go off. But more than that, I suspect that Mr. Hull was behind various important actions which seemed to originate with South American delegations. He also made valuable concrete proposals for tariff reductions, which the South Americans cannot but have taken as a pledge really to do away with some of the tariff obstacles which have been placed by the United States in the path of their prosperity. Mr. Hull cannot, of course, bind Congress to his policy.

Now this whole achievement of the Secretary of State's is tremendously important. It looks not only as if the South Americans would sign some of the peace pacts which still lack their signature, but as if Mr. Hull had gone far to allay South American and Central American anger and suspicion. He practically promised that the United States would not intervene again, and President Roosevelt has now formally pledged this. There cannot fail to be a marked psychological change in the attitude of the other American republics toward us. If we are not hereafter considered to be the big, bad wolf of the Americas the credit will be Mr. Hull's and also the President's. As I have said in writing about other phases of the Roosevelt Administration, here, too, it is the change in *spirit* of the present Administration which counts so much, as contrasted with that of the Hoover, Coolidge, and Harding administrations. It goes to show again that if a great country behaves honestly, pleasantly, and decently to its less powerful neighbors, it will meet with an instantaneous response. Certainly the difference between the attitude of our delegation at the Montevideo conference and the attitude of those we sent to previous conferences is just the difference between the personality of Mr. Hull and that of the smug, pontifical, and at times overbearing Charles E. Hughes.

With respect to Mr. Hull's trade proposal, he asked "that a general understanding among all important countries should at the earliest possible date be brought about in concert for the elimination of the more useless and hurtful trade barriers and for the reduction of tariffs in accordance with a moderate tariff policy." He repeated his thesis that business recovery depends on the restoration of international trade. He said that he asked for no treaty, conventions, or legal commitments by the conference, and then he offered a resolution to the effect "that the governments of the American republics should promptly undertake to promote trade among their respective people and other nations and reduce high trade barriers through the negotiation of comprehensive bilateral reciprocity treaties based on mutual concessions." Perhaps this was only a friendly gesture; perhaps it meant a good deal more than appeared on the surface. Mr. Hull met with some opposition, notably from a representative of Salvador, who declared that "a plan for tariff reduction for American merchandise might be viewed as a customs union which would endanger Latin American sales to Europe. The difficulty is that Latin Americans buy most of their goods from the United States, and sell most of their products to Europe."

But is it not precisely a customs union with Central and South America that the government of the United States ought to aim at if it cannot put through a lateral tariff reduction in favor of all the world? We ought, of course, to dominate all American markets. We have the goods, we can make quicker deliveries. Especially do we produce the automobiles they need. There is only one thing that stands in the way of our doing it, and that is the purely nationalistic feeling which arises from the fact that different flags float over the several countries. If the United States has a manifest destiny it is that it should find its best markets in Central and South America. We have an enormous amount of capital invested in all the republics, some of which is, I am afraid, hopelessly lost. But surely nothing could so quickly restore prosperity there as to start the wheels of industry turning again. And nothing could do this better than our giving the South Americans a better chance to pay us with goods for the goods they take from us, and should take in ever-increasing measure. Nothing that anyone can think of, not the Monroe Doctrine, or international conferences, or signing of peace pacts, could mean as much to the future development and stability of the Latin American republics as would the inclusion of those states in a customs union with North America. Many times it has been pointed out that the great industrial rise of the German Empire did not begin with the establishment of the empire in the Palace of Versailles in 1871, that it dated back far beyond that to the Frankfort Conference which brought about a customs union between the several German states. But, I hear it said, this is suggesting the impossible. Yes, if we are going to say that it is impossible and refrain from a straight-out fight with our tariff barons. Sooner or later the United States will have to make that fight if we are going to regain the measure of prosperity to which we are fully entitled.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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Call for Mr. Throttlebottom!

By JAMES RORTY

FLOATING around in the otherwise capitalist alphabet soup of the New Deal are a couple of decorative ingredients which threaten to become functional and nutritious. They are the Consumers' Advisory Board of the NRA and the Consumers' Counsel of the AAA. Some of the best and most nearly radical brains in Washington are concentrated about these two advisory boards. Maybe "they can't win," as the custodians of lawful, profit-motivated business would put it. But already they have done enough to give the leaders of the patent-medicine, drug, cosmetic, food, and advertising industries the most acute attack of jitters that this writer has ever had the pleasure of witnessing.

It all goes back to this business of trying to materialize Mr. Throttlebottom, the man nobody knows, who is reputed to be the ultimate consumer whom business is theoretically set up to serve. It was two weeks before Christmas when this weird ectoplasm began to take shape in the steam arising from the hearings on the Tugwell bill.

"Do you see what I see?" said the ad men to the patent-medicine men. And the drug men, the cosmeticians, the vitamin men of the food industry, and the Fourth Estate, all chimed in on a chorus that became more and more hysterical as the hearings proceeded.

Here is what they saw, aided by the suave interpolation of Dr. Robert S. Lynd, called over from the Consumers' Advisory Board to answer the ad men's charge that the Tugwell bill is "contrary to the spirit and intent of the NRA." They saw that the drive of the Consumers' Advisory Board of the NRA for consumer representation on the Code Authorities and for quality standards in the codes, the effort of the Consumers' Counsel of the AAA (headed by Frederick C. Howe) to insert quality standards in the food-processing and other AAA agreements, and the controls and penalties embodied in the Tugwell bill, especially the labeling provisions, are all coordinate elements in the attempt of the President's left-wing advisers to do right by Mr. and Mrs. Throttlebottom and the children. From the point of view of business-as-usual this is the sin against the Holy Ghost, nothing less. Business, especially the interlocked drug, cosmetic, food, and advertising business, is organized to do Mr. Throttlebottom right, and the difference is more than a matter of phrasing.

Amid audible grinding of teeth by the assembled ad men Dr. Lynd argued from the premises of "service" and "truth in advertising" to which *Printers' Ink* and other organs of the advertising business have long proclaimed allegiance. Today, he pointed out, because of the elaborate fabrication of commodities, the widespread use of synthetic materials, and current packaging processes, it is necessary that fair competition, the avowed objective of the NRA, should include quality competition as well as price competition. For example, the AAA found that the milk agreements, in order to quote prices at all, had also to quote butter fat. In nearly every line of merchandizing a need exists for quality standards on which to base price competition. In fact, some of the producers and growers, such as the citrus-fruit growers, rice millers, and clingstone-peach canners, had actually asked for quality grades in the AAA agreements.

The object of the NRA is to increase net buying power, which means that it must not only increase wages but stop losses through sub-standard buying. Both government and industry avoid such losses by buying on specification. Should not consumers—in 1929, 30,000,000 families spent 60 per cent of the national income over retail counters—know what they are buying? Under the New Deal labor, the consumer, and government are recognized as copartners in American industry. The proposed food and drug bill, like the quality standards going into the recovery codes, represents a simple and necessary aid to the isolated consumer in his difficult and largely helpless effort to compete on an equal footing with the massed resources of industry.

Note how carefully Dr. Lynd kept within the zone of theoretical agreement. None the less, the ad men lost no time in putting him on the spot. The December 14 issue of *Printers' Ink* gave as a headline to a mangled version of his statement, "Opposes NRA, Says Lynd," and in the December 21 issue Roy Dickinson, president of *Printers' Ink*, declared:

> . . . it is my firm belief that Professor Lynd's plans in the Consumers' Advisory Board, in connection with the Consumers' Board of the AAA, are a definite threat to the success of the whole NRA program. His scheme of attempting at this time to change the whole system of distribution of trade-marked, advertised merchandise is a distinct menace to the whole industrial machine out of which wages, profits, and government taxes must come. Both President Roosevelt and General Johnson have publicly expressed themselves that increased advertising of quality-branded merchandise is an integral and essential part of the whole recovery program. Professor Lynd . . . would attack over a wide front the whole system on which not only advertising but profits depend. Which viewpoint is truly representative of the Administration attitude? It is time that advertisers, publishers, and all other industries dependent on advertising were told what they may expect and get ready to fight for their existence if the Lynd viewpoint is representative.

Mr. Throttlebottom mustn't know too much. If Dr. Lynd has his way, he is likely to get both wise and nasty, so Mr. Dickinson calls out his mob. It is too bad *Printers' Ink* hasn't a larger consumer circulation. If Mr. Throttlebottom could get himself organized and incorporated into something a little more tangible than the mystical entity in whose behalf Dr. Lynd and other New Dealers are struggling, it would pay him to reprint some of Mr. Dickinson's recent stuff and distribute it widely under the title "The Ad Men at Bay." The impression left upon the reader would be much like the final reel of a gangster melodrama in which the good-bad gangsters draw their rods and "blast their way out." This ferocity becomes understandable when we add up what is at stake.

According to *Printers' Ink*, about $350,000,000 a year is at stake for the advertising business alone. This money is

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paid by advertisers, chiefly through advertising agencies which collect a commission, to newspaper and magazine publishers, broadcasters, and other advertising media for the advertising of foods, drugs, and cosmetics. This advertising is theoretically designed to inform and instruct Mr. Throttlebottom, eliminate his halitosis, pep him up with vitamins, and otherwise make him a better and more popular fellow. As a matter of fact the Big Idea is something quite different, and the annual "take" is a lot more than $350,000,000. The big idea of advertising (see almost any textbook) is to establish a prestige, an ambience, around a given product or service which will *remove* it from price competition. But the only real competition, the only competition which benefits the consumer, is price competition based on specified qualities and grades—precisely the kind of competition which Professors Tugwell, Lynd, and their colleagues in the Consumers' Advisory Board of the NRA and the Consumers' Counsel of the AAA are trying to bring about.

Modern advertising represents not so much a competitive selling of goods and services as a competitive manufacture of consumption habits, a competitive production of customers, the technique of which was accurately described by another noisome professor, Thorstein Veblen, in "Absentee Ownership," published in 1923:

> The production of customers by sales-publicity is evidently the same thing as a production of systematized illusions organized into serviceable "action patterns"—serviceable, that is, for the use of the seller on whose account and for whose profit the customer is being produced. It follows, therefore, that the technicians in charge of this work . . . are by way of being experts and experimenters in applied psychology, with a workman-like bent in the direction of what may be called creative psychiatry. Their day's work will necessarily run on the creative guidance of habit and bias, by recourse to shock effects, tropismatic reactions, animal orientation, forced movements, fixation of ideas, verbal intoxication. It is a trading on that range of human infirmities which blossom in devout observances and fruit in the psychopathic wards.

What is attacked by the Tugwell bill, and even more by the attempt to embody quality standards in the codes, is this enterprise in "creative psychiatry" and the largely irrational and uneconomic consumption habits which advertisers manufacture and capitalize. In "Recent Social Trends" Dr. Lynd notes that the Maxwell House coffee habit of the American people was bought in 1928 for $42,000,000 and the Jell-o habit in 1925 for $35,000,000. Doubtless the asking price for the Listerine habit and the Crazy Crystal habit would also be impressive if we knew them.

When the ad men and the medicine men howl about the Brain Trust's attack on the "whole system on which not only advertising but profits depend," this is the system they are howling about, and the loudness of the howl is directly proportioned to the size of the howler's stake in the matter. The capitalized claims of the food, drug, and cosmetic advertisers upon Mr. Throttlebottom's shrinking dollar, after he has been creatively psyched, would probably run into billions.

The stake of the advertising business, otherwise known as the Fourth Estate, is smaller but even more indispensable. Newspapers and magazines derive about two-thirds of their income from advertisers, and about 60 per cent of this advertising income is contributed by the food, drug, and cosmetics advertisers. Naturally, the publishers want this creative psyching of Mr. Throttlebottom to go right on. Naturally, the advertising business, as represented by *Printers' Ink*, is allied with the drug, food, and cosmetics advertisers in fighting the Tugwell bill. Naturally, when they contemplate what would happen if quality standards were systematically introduced into the codes, they become hysterical and incoherent. (Credit should be given to *Advertising and Selling* and *Editor and Publisher* for handling the issue fairly.)

In contrast the functionalists in Washington are almost excessively lucid. One fears, indeed, that for all their suavity and sweet reasonableness they have made themselves all too clear. They have gone so far as to sponsor the work of a committee, headed by Dr. Lynd, which has recommended the establishment of a Consumers' Standards Board under the joint control of the Consumers' Advisory Board of the NRA and the Consumers' Counsel of the AAA, with a technical director and a technical staff of commodity experts and an interdepartmental advisory committee drawn from federal bureaus. The budget asked for provides $65,000 for the first year for administrative expenses, plus $250,000 for research and testing. Dr. Lynd's report quotes that devastating sentence in the impeccable Hoover's 1922 report as Secretary of Commerce:

> The lack of . . . established grades and standards of quality adds very largely to the cost of distribution because of the necessity of buying and selling upon sample or otherwise, and because of the risk of fraud and misrepresentation and consequently the larger margins of trading.

Still keeping on the safe, sane, and conservative territory of economic and technical truisms, Dr. Lynd's report goes on to quote a 1930 report of the Bureau of Standards:

> Producers are experts in their own commodity fields but seldom does the consumer get the full benefit of this knowledge. Under present conditions this group knowledge is suppressed, and the tendency is all too frequent to give the buyer merely what he asks for.

In the interest of accuracy the writer would amend this last statement to read: "The tendency is to force the buyer to take what he has been *taught* to ask for, in the interest of the seller."

Moreover, as F. J. Schlink points out in his recent "Open Letter to President Roosevelt," "it is impossible for a private consumer to secure access to the immensely valuable findings of the Bureau of Standards, paid for in every major respect by general taxation of *consumers*." In this letter Mr. Schlink urges a Department of the Consumer with Cabinet representation and equal status with other federal departments. But even the less sweeping recommendations of Dr. Lynd's committee are calculated to freeze the blood of the embattled ad men, drug men, cosmetic men, vitamin men, and the rest. According to Dr. Lynd:

> The standards promulgated by the Consumers' Board would not stop at the point at which the commercial standards of the Bureau of Standards must now stop, that is, at a type of standard to which 65 per cent of an industry is ready to agree, but would go on beyond this to a thoroughly satisfactory set of consumer grades and labels. Past experience has shown that the official promulgation of definite consumer standards, even though they go beyond current practice, operates as a norm to which competitive business tends to approximate.

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It requires but little imagination to see that what is here envisaged is a fundamental reorganization of distribution in the direction of function. This would entail a huge deflation of the vested interest of advertisers and the advertising business in the exploitation of the American consumer; also probably huge economies in both production and distribution.

Even poor old Throttlebottom should be able to see this if there were any way of getting the word to him. There isn't, for the reason that our instruments of social communication, the daily and periodical press and the radio, are in effect the advertising business. That is why the writer cannot see that any tactical advantage would be gained if the much-wronged and kicked-about Consumers' Advisory Board were to resign in a body, as they have been repeatedly urged to do by the People's Lobby, the Emergency Conference of Consumers' Organizations, and other groups acting in behalf of that mystical economic entity Mr. Throttlebottom. What would happen if they did? They would make the first page once, as did the resignation of Professor Ogburn from the Consumers' Advisory Board last summer. And that would be about all, except for an immense sigh of relief and satisfaction heaved by the ad men, the patent-medicine men, the vitamin men, and the rest.

Not that the Consumers' Advisory Board has not had to take it and keep on taking it. Thus far it has not been able to put a genuine consumers' representative or a quality standard in any of the NRA codes. And when it has complained, Charles Michelson, as NRA publicity director, has prudently muffled the complaints. Professor Paul H. Douglas is now busy organizing Consumer County Councils as a sort of field organization for the Consumers' Advisory Board. Maybe it will be possible to get the word to Mr. Throttlebottom that way, although probably not if General Johnson can stop it. And maybe Mr. Schlink, who with Mr. Leon Henderson of the Remedial Loan Department of the Russell Sage Foundation has just been appointed special adviser to General Johnson, will be able to start something. But it does not look too hopeful. The Consumers' Counsel of the AAA has done perhaps a little better. Professor Tugwell seemed to win more than half of his battle with Mr. Peek. Just before the latter stepped out, he "made a sacrifice hit" in behalf of business-as-usual by getting about a hundred codes transferred from the AAA to the NRA. But the important food-processing codes were retained by the AAA, from which Mr. Peek resigned.

When Congress meets we shall see whether the call for Mr. Throttlebottom can be made effectively without benefit of, or at least without enthusiastic cooperation by, the Fourth Estate. The necessity for such a call is implicit in the recent statistics of prices, profits, and wage trends as recorded by *Business Week*. For the first nine months of 1933 the earnings of industry increased 160 per cent over the same period of 1932, while the farmers' gross income rose only 24 per cent and pay rolls decreased 3.2 per cent. The threat of a buyers' strike still looms. And when that happens, when the creatively psyched Mr. Throttlebottom quits buying, then at last business-as-usual, even the advertising business, must stop, look, and listen.

The New Irish War

By AN IRISH OBSERVER

THE preliminaries to the present Irish situation may be told in a few sentences. Twelve years ago the treaty between Great Britain and Ireland was signed and the relations between the two countries were supposed to be settled permanently. For some ten years the Irish government respected the bond, while interpreting it freely. Then Mr. De Valera returned to power and one of his first actions was to hold back those annual payments on Irish land, bought from the landlords for distribution among the landless men, which are known as the land annuities. This, he said, he was legally entitled to do. He would not, however, discuss the matter except with an arbitration board chosen from outside the Empire. The British government refused to agree to such a board though it declared itself willing to consider a board drawn from within the Empire. From that point the situation has developed into a state of warfare between the two countries.

Tariffs on the British side have totally ruined our main export trade—cattle; while tariffs on the Irish side have hit several British industries. (In tariffs the British have to date collected all but £2,000,000 of the money thus due to them.)

The worst feature of this warfare, however, has been the gradual hardening of mind on the Irish side. Mr. De Valera proceeded to interpret the treaty even more loosely than before; he removed the Oath of Allegiance and the appeal to the Privy Council, he reduced the status of the Governor-General, and so on. Finally he has raised the old question of the treaty and declared that it must go body and bones. He has thus gone back to the fundamental question which the treaty was supposed to have settled and which the British naturally refuse to reopen. But no alteration in the treaty except such modifications as may be permissible under the Statute of Westminster is possible without the express desire of the people. That Mr. De Valera has guaranteed. He will consult them before he moves further.

If one wished, therefore, to be cynical one could say that the Irish situation has no real existence. It is purely hypothetical, and the source of the hypothesis is the doubt in the mind of the Irish people whether or not they want what Mr. De Valera wants them to want. There is no reality in Irish politics—yet. That will come when the people are definitely called upon to choose.

It is not surprising that the people should be confused. Ten years ago Mr. De Valera repudiated the treaty and by a majority vote the people repudiated him. To any other man, to any other people, that would be perfectly clear and final. The alternatives would be to accept the vote of the majority or to retire from the field of politics. Mr. De Valera and his party did neither. Characteristically he revolted against the despotism of the fact—and for once it might appear that

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he has revolted with success. For he revolted against a judgment of a people who do not themselves like to face facts. He set to work to persuade the people that they did not mean what they said, and all that has occurred in recent months is part and parcel of the persuasive process.

As he persuaded the people to elect him in 1932 as a treaty worker (the man who was in 1922 the treaty breaker), so he has succeeded by degrees in persuading the people to allow him to whittle away the treaty bit by bit, to rouse in the young folk all the hatred of England which was supposed to have passed with the "troubles," to raise again the cry of an Irish republic, and to wage an economic war with Great Britain—and finally he is in process of persuading them to bring back the old situation of pre-treaty days by refusing to recognize the treaty at all.

One must admire the tenacity and power of such a man. For ten years he fought against the fact of that treaty. He may end by wiping it out of existence—a sin against Ireland as it appears to him. It will be his day of triumph if and when he induces the Irish people to cry "Mea culpa," and take on their shoulders the inevitable penance that must follow on the definite acknowledgment of a change of mind. If he does so, it will be, incidentally, an exposure of the old fallacy that there is anything in the nature of a spontaneous national movement, another proof that all popular movements so called are merely the mass-expression of men of vision and power. It will make a mockery of democracy in Ireland for generations to come.

If one is willing to look at the present Irish situation from that point of view one will see at once why the alignment of parties is what it is. On the one side, the idealists led by Mr. De Valera, to wit, Fianna Fail. On the other side, the United Ireland Party, the men who originally accepted the treaty and membership in the Commonwealth of Nations—what one may call, is indeed obliged to call, the practical men of affairs. On the flank of Mr. De Valera, urging him on and on, is the Irish Republican Army, which at least is consistent in that it never accepted the treaty and, unlike Mr. De Valera, never pretended to work it. On the flank of the treaty party, the United Ireland Party, is the so-called Blue Shirt Army, whose leaders realize that Irish democracy is threatened by the very man who has set out to uphold it, but who have swung over to a left of their own and in despair favor secretly the establishment of a dictatorship. Last of all there is the official Labor Party, which has no political vision at all, is purely opportunist, and follows Mr. De Valera mainly for what it can get out of him for the workers.

The annuities are supposedly the bone of contention in the present Irish situation. They are not really. The question at bottom is the old question which Mr. De Valera's extraordinary will-power and personal attraction have managed to revive—that old question which was fought out for so many painful weeks in the autumn of 1921 in the Irish Dail: Shall Ireland accept the treaty or shall she not? Or, more accurately, shall Ireland repudiate the treaty she has signed or shall she accept it irrevocably?

It may be truly said that few people in Ireland today appear to care half so much what the answer to that question will be as that some final answer should at last be given to it. That, for example, is the attitude repeatedly taken by Frank MacDermot, the leader of the Farmers' Party, which recently merged into the United Ireland Party. He expresses the feeling widely observed in Ireland that it is ignoble to shilly-shally over a question that involves the honor of a nation.

It will naturally occur to the reader of this résumé that it is strange that an idealist party like Fianna Fail, Mr. De Valera's party, should contemplate the breaking of a treaty. According to Fianna Fail, however, the treaty was never accepted as a final settlement. Its signatories put their names to it under duress, and therefore it is not binding and no moral question or question of national honor is involved in the breaking of it. It may represent the surrender of an army, even of a generation, but it does not represent the surrender of a people.

A few days ago an interviewer got from Mr. De Valera a significant avowal—the import of which has so far been recognized by nobody. The week before, the President had been skirmishing with J. H. Thomas, attempting to get from him an admission that Ireland was free to make her own choice, to stay in the Commonwealth of Nations or to leave it as she chose, and Mr. Thomas had refused to be drawn. "Well," said Mr. De Valera to this journalist, "if there is no free choice there are no moral bonds. You do what you can do, then." Apply it to the treaty and you get his position. The treaty was not a free choice; it was accepted under duress; there is no moral bond.

Nobody will ever get a franker statement from Mr. De Valera as to his views than that. He wished to leave the Commonwealth and he was himself prepared to leave. He was asked if, in that case, he was prepared to pay the price, and he replied that Ireland expected no better treatment outside the Commonwealth than any other country would get, France or Denmark, for example. He was asked then whether, if an Irish republic were declared and internationally recognized, he would be satisfied with the North left out, and he replied in the negative.

Obviously he is a man who knows his own mind completely. He has thought it all out. Only on one point is he vague, and that concerns not his views but his intentions. And he can have no clear outlook as to his intentions simply because the choice rests finally not with him, who is strong, but with the electorate, which is weak. The electorate may be secretly thinking things out for itself now—one might say at the last moment—but if it is, then it is for the first time in the history of Irish politics. But it may also be thinking nothing out. It may be in that state of mind in which it will presently throw up its hands and leave the thinking to this amazing man who would like nothing better.

And there, truly, is the secret of Mr. De Valera's power over his people. He is the born apostle. He is the lay priest of politics. His habit is not so much to implement the wishes of his followers as to tell them what to do.

He is the typical Irish Catholic—rather Low Church, that is to say—in that he looks at things not from the point of view of men and women but from the point of view of angels and archangels. He would understand the mentality of the New England Puritan, with which he has several points in common. He thinks not in time but in eternity. He thinks much of honor, the worldly code, but far more of morals, the heavenly code. So that in the breaking of a bond

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he is less concerned with what is done than with what may be done. It is no use suggesting to him that "on ne fait pas ces choses," seeing that all questions with him are ultimately theological. It is a quality of mind entirely beyond the comprehension of the more downright Saxon mind. It involves many fine national traits and many ignoble ones. Between it and the mentality that respects the code of men there can be no sympathy.

In addition, he is respected universally because he possesses, as a man of the people, all the finer traits of the Irishman. He has courage. He has imagination. He lives in tradition and thinks in history. His private life is beyond reproach. He is a democrat. He came out of the simple life of the land and he thinks in terms of it and loves the people of it. He hates the modern machine age. His very austerity appeals. And he can occasionally lose his temper. Lastly, he is the traditional type of patriot—and even martyr. He would allow himself to be hanged, drawn, and quartered for Ireland.

The Irish are a young and in many ways unformed people, and their national character has not yet been consolidated in liberty. Like every other country they get the government they deserve. Between the practical, more worldly, more understandable government of President Cosgrave, and this visionary, rather *difficile,* idealistic government of De Valera it is easy enough to see the divided mind of the modern Irishman, the Irishman who, according to the British, wants to have it both ways but who, in a kinder judgment, is simply feeling his way toward a full national self-consciousness, a political philosophy of his own. The situation which is at present developing before his eyes is merely the articulation of one of the many problems with which he will be faced in the course of his history as a freedman. At the moment it is a question of whether he wants to be severely nationalistic or is prepared to be liberally international; and of how much and in what sort of coin he is prepared to pay for whichever brand of political philosophy he decides to adopt in the end.

For one thing, therefore, the Irish people may be eminently grateful to Mr. De Valera. He is forcing the pace of their mental development. To every periodical and newspaper in the English-speaking world which has again become interested in the Irish question the thing is merely a matter of an interesting crisis. But to the Irish it is far different. They are a people still passing through a revolution and to them there can be no static present. Everything is part of a process of becoming.

They have been badly served by all their leaders up to the present. The old Irish Parliamentary Party led them on their emotions for nearly fifty years, but with rare exceptions—such as Davitt, who was a constructive mind—it never appealed to their brains. This country should know that well, for here the habits and methods of that old Parliamentary Irish Party still linger on. Do we not know well the eloquent Irishman who has names for Ireland by the dozen and quotations by the score? You may hear them weaving their words about the pitiful vision of Cathleen ni Houlihan in chains any night of the year in their overpicturesquely christened clubrooms. They are the children of the "old gang" and they have all its faults and all its qualities. It was a party of great political acumen, no detachment, powerful oratorical gifts, no constructive ability, and not the shred of a political philosophy. The main thing they did was to propagandize the Irish cause so efficiently that there is not a country on the earth that is not familiar to some degree with the pantheon of Irish misery. They had great belief in their country's future and no program for it. They did little to educate Irish democracy.

All this the new generation of Sinn Fein realized fully, but they did not go far enough in remedying the lack by a long chalk. Instead, they developed a new vision of their own—the Ireland-to-Be instead of the Ireland-of-the-Past—and with statistics and diagrams they replaced the names and the quotations. Arthur Griffith proved to our satisfaction that we were being impoverished by English rule, but except by strongly believing in whole-hearted protection, nobody attempted to show us how to bring it about. Worst of all, Griffith no more attempted to develop a political philosophy than did the old party which he dethroned.

The result was what one might expect. The revolution found Ireland unprepared, and when liberty—or, to be cautious, a measure of it—came with the treaty, Ireland was in exactly the same position as the Russian Duma at the fall of the Czars. It felt the time had come to do things but it did not know what to do. Some things it has been clear about; the restoration of the national language, folklore, a native culture, the development of neglected industrial resources, and the harnessing of the Shannon are examples of constructive political thinking. Cautious experiments in protection had also been made before Mr. De Valera came to power and went whole-hog protectionist. But when these things had been done, the first native government stopped. It had set its house in order. It had set the machinery going. And that, apparently, was liberty. A people who had associated liberty with a state of the greatest emotional enthusiasm and with poetic names and highfalutin quotations and with nothing else could not be expected to like it. So we come back to the present situation, in which Ireland is at last being forced to define its own desires in terms of a practical world.

The only group which might be expected to help here, which might well have been expected to define autonomy beforehand, is the Irish Labor Party. Unhappily Irish Labor has produced only two big men during the last fifty years, Jim Larkin and Jim Connolly. It is the tragedy of Irish Labor that Connolly went over to nationalism in the nineteen hundreds, was shot in 1916, and has been treated ever since as a martyr whom everybody hears of and nobody reads; while Larkin was in Sing Sing during the revolution, has always been a practical man, opportunist in the best sense, has never lowered the red flag to wave the green, and therefore has little influence in a country so fervently nationalistic as Ireland. The history of Irish Labor has consistently been one of the swallowing of the little whale by the great whale, and anyone who wishes to read that history cannot do better than to take that fine work "Labor and Nationalism in Ireland," by Professor Clarkson of Brooklyn College of the City of New York, and study it with care. The key to the Irish problem is within the pages of that book. For the key to the present impasse is in the hands of the men and women who made Ireland by the sweat of their brows. If Ireland has any future it lies with neither of the political parties but in the hands of non-political labor.

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The Two Wings of the Blue Eagle

III. The Wing upon the Right (cont.)

By JOHN STRACHEY

THE purpose of the preceding article in this series was to form an estimate of the permanent effect upon American capitalism of the New Deal. It was submitted that in respect of two of the innate and fatal tendencies of capitalism—namely, the overexpansion of credit and the breeding of monopoly—the New Deal intensifies those very features of the system which produced the last crash. Now the third factor which has been at the root of the trouble is the tendency to mechanization. It is obvious that closely associated with the concentration of capital, with the supplanting of dozens of small firms by a few giants, goes the drive to better and better, more and more mechanized methods of production. There is no need for me to enlarge on the length to which this tendency has already gone in America, or on the rapidity with which it is still moving. The technocrats, in spite of their alleged statistical carelessness and their utter inability to suggest anything sane to do about it, drew this picture very graphically. Quite the best and most up-to-date figures on this subject which I have seen are to be found, however, in Stuart Chase's article What Hope for the Jobless? in the November number of *Current History*. A more alarming piece of work can hardly be imagined. Mr. Chase picks out and puts into high relief the employment and production figures of the brief boom of last summer. Taking the 1923-25 levels of employment and production at 100, we find that at the worst moment of the slump, namely, last March, production had sunk to 56 and employment to 57. Then the dollar was unleashed. Production responded superbly. By June it was up to 92, almost back, that is, to the 1923-25 level. *But employment only went back to 65.*

I remember noting these figures at the time and guessing at their meaning. Mr. Chase has now remorselessly exposed that meaning.

What they mean, in a word, is that Mr. Roosevelt has had his boom. And that the new boom left the unemployment problem substantially untouched. Mr. Chase has worked out, with a wealth of care and caution, a prognosis from these facts, and he comes to the conclusion that even if the New Deal succeeds in producing, during the whole of 1934, a level of production better than that of last summer—a level of 100, equal to that of 1923-25—it will still leave from 9,000,000 to 12,000,000 American workers totally unemployed.

Mr. Chase gives one graphic example of the way the thing is working. The A. O. Smith Corporation of Milwaukee has just put in a new mill with a capacity to produce 10,000 motor-car frames per day. The old mill also produced 10,000 frames per day. But it employed 2,000 men in doing so. The new mill produces the same output with 200 men. Ninety per cent of the workers have been dispensed with at a blow. Eighteen hundred men have suddenly dropped straight out of the market. They have ceased to be consumers—of anything except State-provided groceries at any rate. The 2,000 men working A. O. Smith's old mill were all customers. You could sell them things. You could sell the better-paid of them, I dare say, radios and perhaps even some of the motor cars they were helping to make. But what a "prospect" for the enterprising salesman is provided by the new mill! Its iron hands have, I understand, superhuman deftness and intelligence. But it has no ears for the radio, nor does it drive a motor car. You cannot even sell it tooth paste.

This is, of course, an extreme case. But there is not the slightest doubt about the whole broad process of the replacement of "hungering, thirsting [also consuming] men" by non-consuming machines. Mechanization going hand in hand with monopoly is squeezing the market to nothing. Monopoly decimates the great staple market of the middle class. Mechanization cuts and cuts again into what market the workers themselves provided. Already it has driven 10,000,000 or 12,000,000 of them and their families out of the market altogether.

And now, for the third time, we must ask what will be the effect of the provisions of the NRA upon all this? Well, clearly, if you wish to check and delay the replacement of men by machines, then the vital thing is to make human labor as cheap as you can. If you wish to minimize the urge of the capitalist to produce with fewer workers, you must allow him to pay as little as he possibly can to each worker and to work him as long hours as possible. Then there will be some hope that when the capitalist comes to strike the balance, he will find that it will not pay him to purchase expensive new machines, and so cut down his wage bill. But what if you fix wage minima which are high, nominally at any rate, or maxima of hours which are undoubtedly lower than have been customary in America? What if, too, you forbid the capitalist to compete with his rivals by cutting prices? Obviously you give every capitalist the very maximum possible inducement to substitute machines for men. The NRA must, I should have thought, have sent every single struggling capitalist in the country searching desperately for new methods of eliminating wage workers. For not only has the NRA made hand workers a costly luxury, but it has canalized the whole force of inter-capitalist competition into the one field of higher and higher mechanization. For it has forbidden competition on wages, hours, or prices. Thus the only remaining form which the struggle between different capitalists for the shrinking market can take is the struggle for the best machines. And in this struggle the big capitalist must, of course, always win.

The influence of the NRA in this direction is already being felt; the process of mechanization has already, it seems, been accelerated. The New York *Herald Tribune* of September 12, for example, reported a boom in the stocks of machine companies. For the short hours imposed on white-collar workers have forced executives to be "on the lookout for ways to handle the same amount of bookkeeping without

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added expense." Similarly, in the industrial field, the New York *Herald Tribune* of September 25 announced "Machine Producers Report Large Gains," and told us that textile mills were seeking high-speed machinery in order to operate "under present high production costs."

There have been, I am informed, certain tentative provisions, in some of the codes, of an anti-mechanization nature. There has been some gesture toward the idea of checking by agreement the drive toward more and more automatic methods of production. But, moving about the country, I could find no evidence whatever that anything effective had been done in this direction. And now I see that General Johnson himself has repudiated with scorn the view that the Blue Eagle would lend itself to anything so reactionary as the checking of American technical progress.

It is now time to sum up our conclusions on the NRA. In the first article we concluded that the inflationary side of the New Deal, though spectacular, was at bottom neither here nor there. America will, at my guess, go through the mill of inflation. But quite certainly this will do nothing whatever to produce a new, more orderly, or more stable form of capitalism. In the two following articles we have attempted some analysis of the main provisions of the New Deal. Do the codes and the other regulations, taken together, represent any step toward socialism or even toward a new organized, integrated form of capitalism? Our submission has been that on the contrary they represent merely an intensification of the three great innate tendencies of the capitalist system—namely, the drive to reckless, unplanned credit expansion, the drive toward monopoly, and the drive toward mechanization. And these are just the three things which caused the last slump. These are the three factors which, by increasing the appalling gap between the power of the capitalists to produce and the power of the workers to consume, by piling up an unparalleled concentration of wealth at one end of the social system and an unparalleled mass of misery and starvation, of "non-consumption," at the other end, finally make the operation of the whole system impossible.

To put the matter in the much-abused but none the less indispensable terminology of Marxism, the New Deal intensifies to an unparalleled degree the main contradiction of capitalism. Far from making for that mythical entity, an "organized capitalism," the New Deal is simply a part of the general transformation, which is going on all over the world today, of capitalism from its older, free-market form into its newer, monopoly, or imperialist, form.

And with the introduction of the word "imperialist" we come to the next important step in the argument. Since the New Deal only impoverishes the internal market still more, since it closes more and more rapidly all remaining avenues for the disposal of their commodities at home, what way out does it leave for the capitalists? It leaves open the alternative of disposing of their products abroad. It leaves open the alternative of imperialism. Whatever the New Deal ushers in for America, it inaugurates for the rest of the world an outward drive of American imperialism on a scale and with an intensity of which the world has hitherto had no experience.

It is extraordinary to watch the remorseless action of this economic reality upon the policies of the Roosevelt Administration. I should imagine that as far as personal opinions are concerned, the present Cabinet is one of the least imperialist or aggressive which the United States has ever had. And yet there can be no doubt that the exigencies of the economic situation have driven Mr. Roosevelt and his ministers along a course which is leading them into ever more violent conflict with the rest of the world.

This conflict has expressed itself in the consciousness of the Administration by the discovery that its internal economic policy is incompatible with any form of international cooperation. Within a few months of the President's inauguration this fact forced itself on his attention. He had not the slightest hesitation in destroying all possibility of world economic cooperation in order to push on the monetary part of the New Deal. Moreover, it is significant that the particular form of inflation which Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers have adopted is of the most imperialist and aggressive type imaginable. The forced depreciation of the dollar in terms of foreign currencies, *before* there has been any corresponding rise in the American price level, is undeniably equivalent to a pro rata increase in the American tariff and a pro rata bounty on all American exports. This is a virulently aggressive economic policy; and it is evidently being steadily pursued by the Administration.

Naturally, all manner of cries and lamentations are arising in London and Paris as the full effect of the depreciation of the dollar and the consequent forcing of American exports upon the world markets is felt. These protests will grow more and more frenzied; Lombard Street and the Bourse will more and more accuse the American government of taking the most unfair advantage of them. President Roosevelt will hardly, however, be deflected from his chosen course by such protests, for he has a perfect answer to them. And this is to ask the self-righteous British capitalists where it was that he learned this policy of forced currency depreciation. For he learned it in the bank parlor of the Bank of England. In plain words, Great Britain, ever since she went off the gold standard in 1931, has been playing precisely the same game with the pound as President Roosevelt is now playing with the dollar. The British created what they called, politely, the "Exchange Equalization Fund." The purpose of this fund was not, however, to equalize the exchange, whatever that may mean, but to hold down the pound to the advantageously low level to which it fell in the autumn of 1931.

The pound stayed down until America went off the gold standard. This event occurred while Mr. MacDonald was, as he put it, "all at sea." (He merely meant that he was crossing the Atlantic.) By this stroke Mr. Roosevelt wiped out the differential advantage which the British exporters had achieved. But he has not been content with that; he is now steadily driving the dollar down until the American exporters in their turn obtain a substantial advantage. In doing so he is merely teaching the British that two can play at this game.

Thus there is no question whatever of there being any right or wrong about the embittered economic struggle which is going on between Britain and America, and between America and every other exporting capitalist nation, for that matter. (Japan has pushed the policy of exchange depreciation much farther than either Britain or America.) What has happened is that the comparatively feeble and obsolete economic weapons of the tariff, the export bounty, and the other established devices of economic nationalism have been

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superseded by the incomparably sharper weapon of competitive exchange depreciation. The technique of economic warfare is evidently advancing quite as rapidly as the technique of actual war. Just as the machine-gun, the flame-thrower, and the super-bomber have superseded the musket and the bayonet, so currency depreciation has superseded the tariff or the export bounty.

It is only too obvious, however, that there is no clear line of demarcation between the two kinds of warfare. The economic struggle between the great capitalist empires of today passes inevitably into actual armed strife. It has already done so in the case of Japan, and the one prophecy which we can make without hesitation is that war is fast approaching between the other major empires. War is approaching, it is vital to realize, not because anybody wants it, not because the capitalists underestimate the risk to themselves of a new war, not because of the plots of the armament makers (though these are real enough), but because the economic situation of each capitalist state is so desperate that policies have to be adopted which injure vitally the interests of every rival.

The New Deal is no exception to this rule. Designed, I have no doubt, purely as a measure of internal recovery, its authors have discovered, to their sincere surprise, that it involves an assault upon the interests of every other capitalist state. They are committed to it; they cannot turn back. An inexorable destiny is driving America to take step after step along the road which leads to the next war.

[*This is the last of a series of three articles by Mr. Strachey.*]

The Russian Revolution in Clothes

By MARGARET GREEN

THE Soviets have discarded tradition in clothes as well as in ideas. As a result they are in a way to evolve altogether new styles along with a new society. Moreover, certain practical considerations point in the same direction. Since citizens are not allowed to leave the country, they cannot return with clothes from Vienna, Paris, New York, or Shanghai. They cannot order them from abroad because they have no valuta (rubles cannot be changed into foreign money). Newcomers bring foreign clothes with them, but the clothes, along with the people who wear them, are so quickly adapted and absorbed that they make very little impression.

Although fashion magazines seep into the country and the Soviet Government actually prints a fashion magazine containing direct copies of these foreign styles, there is very little evidence that they have any influence. The reason, I think, is that they seem incongruous with Soviet life. Several times I stopped at newsstands and turned over the various publications; and every time I picked up the fashion magazine the salesgirl and I laughed together at its styles, so remote were they from Russian life as it is.

It might be supposed that the thousands of tourists passing through the country would introduce the styles of the outside world, but three reasons militate against it. The natives look at the clothes of foreigners with interest. Women, and sometimes men, on the streets, street-cars, and trains touched the material in my suits and remarked that it was very good. They even admired my clothes, but in the same way as we might admire the royal robes of Orientals. How beautiful, how beautifully made, we say. They are finer than anything we have; we may even admit that they are more becoming to more people, and more comfortable than our clothes. We may wish quite honestly that we wore clothes like theirs, but, if they should give us the most gorgeous suit, we would not wear it on the street. It is much easier to wear clothes like those of the people we associate with. One day in Moscow I saw some calico in a store and it came to me that I should like to buy a few yards and make a simple dress such as Russian women wear. I realized that if I stayed I should want to be very much like others.

The Russians will not copy foreign styles because they are not imitators. It is true that they talk much about equaling and surpassing other countries in technique, but that does not imply imitation. They want to develop their best talents in their own way. Wherever you look in Moscow, you will see people doing things in their own way. One day on a bus I noticed that the man in front of me had put his ticket inside his ear—not behind it, but inside as though it were a wad of cotton. That was an original idea. His pockets were full of bottles of oil, his hands held a gunny sack of potatoes and three loaves of bread. Probably living in a room with five or ten other people had developed his ingenuity; and certainly, on looking him over, I could see no other possible place for the ticket. What would an American have done under the same circumstances? He would have looked slavishly around to see whether other people were sticking their tickets straight or crooked in the fronts or sides of their hat bands.

In the Soviet Union one is not judged by one's clothes. In Moscow and Petrograd one soon learns that people in the shabbiest clothes or even in ridiculous clothes are to be intrusted with passports or anything one has; that they are to be found in the big, red-papered offices of high officials. Not only poor clothes but good clothes as well go unnoticed. The Russians are not clothes conscious. I soon learned to look not at clothes but at faces. The first time I walked down a Leningrad street among people who were barefooted or wore miserable shoes I felt that I must be conspicuously well dressed—I had felt well dressed in the same clothes two weeks before on Fifth Avenue. A girl spoke to me and I was flattered. She pointed to my hair and then to hers, plainly indicating that she wished hers was curly. As we walked along together she felt of my silk suit and picked at her own funny little dress, saying that mine was very good and hers very poor. She wanted to know how I held up my stockings, and I showed her right there on the crowded street. Then thinking she might like to see an American woman's wardrobe, I asked her to come to my room, and we entered the spacious October Hotel where men and women miserably clothed were passing in and out with perfect assurance.

Lola, my new friend, took in her hands eagerly the

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first dress I showed her. "Crêpe de Chine," she said admiringly. She knew the words. But she did not hold the dress up in front of herself to get the effect. Immediately she turned it wrong side out and examined the seams. Then she said that it was all made by machinery, even the embroidery on the sleeves. That I-wonder-how-I-would-look-in-it expression with which American women look at each other's clothes was absent. Instead, I think something like this was running through her mind: "Some day we too will have crêpe de Chine dresses made by machines."

She did not seem interested in seeing more than the one dress but she wanted to examine my shoes. She put her hand inside and said how well they were made. Then she took off her own poor little shoes, padded inside with wads of cloth. Her plump little feet that matched her rounded body were covered with socks knit by hand of something almost as coarse as our wrapping twine. I had brought with me two pearl necklaces from Woolworth's to give as presents in the land where tips are insults. I gave one to Lola—and I brought the other one back with me. She put it on, but she did not turn her head toward the mirror to see how she looked in pearls.

I told her they came from New York, and she wanted to know how high the buildings are in New York and how long the hours of the office workers. She is a bookkeeper in a factory. She is young, but she is more interested in ideas than in dresses. When it came to ideas we had language difficulties. She had been speaking Russian and I English, an arrangement not impossible for our women's exchanges. Just then a guide came in and interpreted for us. Lola had her explain to me that when she had met me on the street she was looking for a place to have her hair curled and had asked directions of me, not noticing that I was a foreigner. She had not noticed my New York suit!

Much of my time in Russia I spent with a guide, and many times I meant to say to her: "Katherine, in America there is a saying, 'Better be dead than out of style,' and it is literally true for many people. What would you say to that?" But day after day the question stuck in my throat. I could not let her know I was thinking such trivial things. She was quite suitably dressed herself, but she is one who takes off her clothes at night and puts them on in the morning; you could not call the process dressing.

Do the women in Russia dress for men? I asked them, and they said no. And at times I was almost persuaded. But if women do not dress for men, I said to myself, and men are not attracted by clothes, then the best-dressed men will be seen with the most poorly dressed girls. But it is not so. From all I could observe, the men and women who chose each other were dressed on much the same scale of expense and fashion, which showed me that clothes, even when they are not good ones, do represent the people who wear them. A real attempt is made to dress up for the theater, and pride in clothes is apparent when, between the acts, couples go round and round the lobby arm in arm. Such pitiful attempts at dressing up—a baby-blue taffeta dress with the gores and ruffles of thirty years ago, silk stockings sewed up terribly, and bedroom slippers! But of course they were not pitiful to themselves, because they compare their clothes with each other's, not with those of outsiders. Once a nurse asked me to go to the opera with her and a friend of hers, a young doctor. They had an extra ticket. She said, "Please wear a good dress." Then gently, as though I were an injured patient, she asked, "Have you a good dress?" If I had told her how much I had spent in New York for the suit I had on! And she was asking me if I had a good dress! And I had been feeling sorry for the Russians!

The country has been cleared of bourgeois clothes during sixteen years of struggle. None are left except a few pieces of lace sometimes seen on little boys' coats and a few black silk dresses for old ladies. The new clothes will evolve from the needs and desires of the people and not from the styles of a royal court or of foreign countries. To what extent those influences have determined style in the past, museums and books on costume demonstrate. Style in the Soviet Union will not be at the mercy of fashion dictators who are at the mercy of silk manufacturers or cotton growers. The new styles will be simple. They will be based on utility, in that respect following a fundamental principle of art.

Will there be uniformity and therefore monotony in the Russian clothes of the future? I think not. Even their present garments, poor as they are, show personality. There is no reason why the people should lose their capacity for expression. And if the dresses come from the factories too much alike to suit a Soviet woman with original tastes, she can write her protest to *Pravda*. Moreover, she can design clothes herself and submit the designs. If she proves capable, she may design the staple dresses for thousands of women and so raise the style level. At any time she will be free to buy material and make any sort of costume she chooses.

What may the Russians not do for the whole world in clothes? Especially for the men, I hope they will do something graceful. Men do not look right sitting down in their suits and they all look alike standing up. They might as well be in boxes. The Tolstoy or Russian blouses are a good starting-point.

In the Driftway

ACCORDING to William Seagle and William Gropper truth is not only stranger than fiction but also much funnier. In a book called "There Ought to Be a Law" Mr. Seagle has collected and Mr. Gropper has illustrated some of the sillier laws which with due solemnity have been inscribed upon the statute books of the various States and still remain there. The book opens with a quotation from Ambrose Bierce: "In the time of Henry III, of England, a law was made which prescribed the death penalty for 'kyllynge, woundynge, or mamynge' a fairy, and it was universally respected." And the quotation fairly indicates the intelligence and imagination which inform the laws to which this book is dedicated.

* * * * *

NO proud native son, whatever his State, can feel superior. As Mr. Seagle points out in his introduction: "The most frequently represented States in the present Oxford anthology of American laws are neither Tennessee nor Mississippi but such great civilized States as Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and New York." His explanation of the phenomenon of idiotic and unenforceable legislation lays part of the blame at a door which must by now be

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practically buried in various and sundry blames, namely, Puritanism. "The Puritans," he says, "were never bothered very much by the problem of the enforcibility of legislation. It was enough for them that an Evil existed. . . . Puritan laws have always been in essence declarations of moral disapproval rather than commands." Another reason, he thinks, lies in the democratic ideal, "a government of laws, not men," which has tended to give American legislation a highly particularistic character. Still another and very pungent reason he finds in the low intellectual content of most State legislatures.

* * * * *

THE Drifter has the space to repeat only a few of the choicest laws, and he can give no adequate idea whatever of the humor and point of William Gropper's drawings. Suffice it to say that the well-known Gropper feet and faces are shown in some of the funniest attitudes they have ever assumed. So far as laws go, a statute of Ohio makes it a felony for an instructor of roller skating to seduce a female pupil. In Pennsylvania "it shall be unlawful for any person to use any cannon, gun, revolver, or other explosive device at any serenade of any wedding." In North Carolina "a special law has been enacted to permit bus companies to furnish free transportation to blind preachers." A law of New Mexico makes it a misdemeanor for the warden of a penitentiary to allow a convict to leave the institution on election day in order to vote. In California poverty is a crime, for "every person found sleeping or lodging in . . . any room or apartment which contains less than 500 cubic feet of space in the clear for each person so occupying such room or apartment is guilty of a misdemeanor." But perhaps the best example of misplaced legislative zeal is to be found in an Ohio law entitled "An Act to Protect Employers of Stenographers," which makes it a misdemeanor for a stenographer to divulge the character or contents of an employer's dictation.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Free Speech with No Exceptions

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

"I *don't* believe in lynching—but these kidnappers, Holmes and Thurmond deserved it." That was the invariable answer I received from people of about the mental status of tabloid readers. In a way this seems also to be the attitude of your correspondents in the December 20 issue of *The Nation*. They believe in free speech, but—and as soon as "but" is added to free speech, its death knell is sounded. Let me remind your correspondents that during the years of the war and the palmy days of the Honorable A. Mitchell Palmer, the right of free speech was similarly attacked and considerably curtailed. In those days the slogan was: "We believe in free speech, but not in free license."

It seems to me that the libel and slander laws, both civil and criminal, of the various States should be adequate protection against such false and slanderous statements as the Hitlerites have uttered against the Jews in Germany. One example in this country seems to stand out. I am referring to the action in libel brought by Aaron Sapiro against Henry Ford in the federal courts at Detroit. True, this case did not proceed to judgment, but I doubt that Mr. Ford would have settled this action had his attorneys not been convinced that the plaintiff had more than a fair chance to succeed on trial. Perhaps our libel and criminal laws are in need of revision or amendment, but under no circumstances must such revision or amendment infringe upon our constitutional right to free speech. The point is that if we believe in our government, a legal course must be pursued. Miss Gruening says that free speech does not actually exist for large portions of our population. This is only too true. But shall we who are in favor of free speech for Communists, Socialists, and others show the same bigotry and narrow-mindedness as reactionaries simply because Hitler's agents want to preach something entirely repugnant to our doctrines?

The Nation and the American Civil Liberties Union are to be congratulated upon their unflinching stand in favor of free speech. Only by consistently favoring and actively fighting for freedom of thought and expression can we ever approach anything like true justice for all people within our borders.

New York, December 19 PHILIP GLABERMAN

"Fit to Print"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Your editorial in the issue of December 13 entitled Fit to Print came with particular pertinence to the members of at least the two universities mentioned who had in hundreds braved the freezing weather of the night of December 12 to participate in the anti-fascist demonstration which marked Hans Luther's appearance as guest speaker at the Institute of Arts and Sciences, a Columbia unit. What our reputedly most accurate journals consider news becomes a vital matter when their importance to the general public is carefully judged. Prejudicial reporting of crucial events in the only alive and progressive student movement in America is a pernicious evil which it is difficult to fight. The *Times* has now against its name for fairness and impartiality not only its neglect of the New York University Anti-War Conference and its somewhat peculiar emphasis on Dr. Butler's message as the focal point of the first session of the Columbia conference, but also its misleading statement concerning the anti-Luther demonstration, which declared approximately that if it had not been for the cold, many more students would undoubtedly have taken part in the rally.

It disregarded the fact that many more students than one thousand cannot very well be confined to the one street corner where, in violation of their constitutional right of assemblage, the seventy or eighty instructed police officers chose to confine them by physical force. The news of that evening was not, obviously, the apologetic and ridiculous remarks of the Nazi ambassador, but the vigorous display of anti-fascist sentiment among students from all parts of the city. For fair reports of that Tuesday night one had to turn to the so-called "yellow journals"—the *News*, the *Mirror*, the *Evening Journal*.

New York, December 14 GERTRUDE EPSTEIN

Theodor Lessing

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Theodor Lessing was murdered on August 30, 1933, at Marienbad. The crime committed has made the whole cultural world indignant and has shaken its conscience. Theodor Lessing died for many. His work must live on. His own words were: "No one can or should today withdraw from danger. Therefore I do not feel myself endangered at Marienbad. Perhaps I can be more useful in death than I was in life."

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The immeasurable wealth of this mind and this soul embodied in many writings can only be safeguarded if the work of the great thinker and poet is collected and made available for everyone. We intend to found a Theodor Lessing House, an institute in which all the writings of Theodor Lessing will be edited with the cooperation of congenial minds, for whom this Lessing House will become a place for work and who will make it an asylum for all independent philosophers. Our first intention is the publication in all leading languages of his not yet edited writings, among them an autobiography.

To carry on these tasks a Theodor Lessing Fund will be created in Prague. We appeal to all those for whom the work and the doctrine of Theodor Lessing have been of significance, to all those who desire that an infamous murder shall not triumph over the spirit, to promote the realization of these aims. In this behalf contributions are asked, payable to the "Lessing Fund Account" through the National City Bank, New York, or the Chase National Bank, New York.

F. X. Salda, Romain Rolland, Ottokar Fischer, Albert Einstein, Max Brod, Judah Magnes, Hugo Bergmann

New York, December 15

No Fun to Be Single

To the Editors of The Nation:

The writer of these lines is fifty years old, single, and a graduate of a European university. He has been an American citizen for many years. During his stay in America he was employed in research and developing work. Three years ago he lost his position and life savings by bank failures and stock-market crashes. He is now greatly in debt and unable to secure work because he is single. All federal and State employment agencies take care of men with dependents or young people.

May the privilege be granted to the writer through your nation-wide circulation to be informed whether single men are less desirable in the human race and society and deserve exclusion from an honest livelihood? Single people left adrift without any chance for employment, reduced in the number of relatives, if any, on whom to call for help, deprived of all sympathetic and moral encouragement that family ties offer, should be able to count upon fair consideration from the government.

Pittsburgh, Pa., December 18 Paul Schnurmann

White-Collar Workers

To the Editors of The Nation:

Not once in the six years' existence of the Office Workers' Union have we called for public assistance in our work of organizing white-collar workers; even during the past three years of unemployment our own members have generously supported all our activities. Today, however, we find ourselves in need of about $300 which we cannot possibly raise from the members of the union, almost all of whom have had their salaries slashed and a great many of whom are either partially or totally unemployed.

At the present time we are conducting energetic campaigns of organization in the department stores and in Wall Street, and have assisted in organizing the Dry Goods Workers' Union. Only with some outside assistance can we possibly complete the plans for organization worked out by our executive board for the next three months.

New York, November 30 Jay Engle
Emergency Finance Committee

Help: Financial Hindrance!

To the Editors of The Nation:

I am teaching English to boys and girls at my place. I was sent some copies of the New York *Times* and London *Times* from a friend of mine. I read them with great interest and much pleasure and I got some material for English teaching from them. To my great regret I am not able to subscribe to the New York *Times* and the *London Times* financial hindrance. It is my hearty desire that any of your readers will kindly send me her or his London *Times* or New York *Times* in order to help me in English teaching and good English learning.

Seitaro Matsuba

Tanabecho Nishimurogun, Wakayamalsen, Japan

Free Thought in Cleveland

To the Editors of The Nation:

The Cleveland Free Thought College has been established for two months. Our activities include lectures, debates, and classes in public speaking. We are also trying to build a library and we maintain a reading room which is open nightly. We wish to extend an invitation to all *Nation* readers in Cleveland and vicinity to attend our activities.

If any of your readers have books or pamphlets on Free Thought which they could contribute to our library, we should greatly appreciate receiving them.

Cleveland, December 1 Adelaide Schuster

The Medical Bureau

To the Editors of The Nation:

The strides of the Soviet Union in medicine, prophylaxis, and public-health service have been great; but problems always arise, and help and advice from friendly American sources will be invaluable. An organization is therefore being formed for the exchange of discoveries and conclusions in medical research in the two countries. This organization will be called the Medical Bureau. The Medical Bureau will model itself on the Technical Bureau, a highly successful organization of friendly American engineers who for over a year have been rendering voluntary, non-remunerative consulting services to Soviet factories, farms, and scientific institutes. The Medical Bureau will be an affiliate of the Friends of the Soviet Union.

Members of the allied medical professions who are interested in the development of the closest scientific and fraternal relations between Soviet and American medical scientists, and hence in the formation of the Medical Bureau, are invited to write for additional information to the Medical Bureau, Room 330, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York.

P. L. Carson, W. Mendelson, A. H. Wolfson, W. Winacour, S. Rose, The Provisional Committee; Ida Wolfson, Executive Secretary

New York, December 20

Samuel Guy Inman

will sum up and analyze the work of the recent Pan-American Conference at Montevideo in next week's issue of *The Nation*

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Books, Music, Drama

Poem

By LINCOLN REIS

It was my confusion to love quickly,
I, who had intended caution in friendship,
While you, ignoring design, discovered darkness,
Touched finger with finger,
And I was no Anthony inclined to a miracle.
Silence announced our meetings; with lips that moistened
Shapeless in desire, wit could find no word,
Conceit no phrase to echo wonder; but you
Continued to end innocence with a glance.
Here with no presence, with distinction lost,
And your person shadow to contradiction,
I would exhibit virtue, assert
No influence to sense; but memory
Dissolving into contact, ends distance with body
Or speaks of color, memory become seal to desire.

Archibald MacLeish

Poems 1924-1933. By Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

THIS book, as the poet tells us, is not a collected edition of his poems but a reprint of such poems from Mr. MacLeish's various earlier books as he himself chooses to preserve. "The Hamlet of A. MacLeish" is here, "Conquistador," all but one poem of "New Found Land," and several new poems not before printed. "Pot of Earth," one of Mr. MacLeish's earliest poems, is also reprinted. And the poet chooses, evidently, to preserve his attack on many elements in American society in "Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City."

Now everyone knows that Archibald MacLeish has of late frequently been called upon to state and to defend his political position. And most readers of poetry know that Mr. MacLeish is a lyrical poet, not an expert satirist or a social theorist. His art has been injured by his compulsion to fight—in poetry—when, obviously, his is not the mind or the technique of the controversialist. Let us, then, examine his work without regard for anything but its artistry and its poetic message.

Archibald MacLeish's technique is of unquestionable excellence. He is one of the fine lyric poets of our times. He has experimented with rhymes and has made of the terza rima the perfect medium for his purposes in "Conquistador." One can trace the development of his art—despite his statement that he cares nothing about this evolution—by returning to the fragile improvisations in lyric form which he included in "Streets in the Moon" and excluded from this final volume. MacLeish has completely worked out the ways and means whereby poetry of statement can become the largely undramatic and almost purely lyrical instrument for conveying the *story of emotion*—this being what his narratives are. His music is, on the whole, much closer to Pound's in the more lyrical "Cantos" than to Eliot's.

MacLeish's imagery and syntax are not original in themselves. This type of imagery and syntax is fairly characteristic of the whole "Waste Land" school. But MacLeish's use of the same general type of imagery and syntax as Eliot's and Pound's is his own. His imagery, consisting very largely of simple comparisons and the use of descriptive adjectives—an imagery which shows no particular richness of association, intellectual or sensuous—is perfectly adapted both to poetry of simple statement and to parallelistic structure in poetry. MacLeish has relaxed syntax. He points, in his shaping of sentences, not toward any condensing or hardening of the English sentence, but toward a classical balancing of clause against clause, phrase against phrase—toward, therefore, the inclusion rather than the exclusion of many prepositions and connectives. Our language uses phrases and clauses as attachments to the body of the sentence, and connectives are links indicating the grammatical relationship. MacLeish, using clause balanced against clause, phrase against phrase, linking his ideas frequently by an "and" or an "or," develops, not the poetic paragraph (like Milton's), but the long-lined and parallel rhythm of simple descriptive and, to some extent, repetitive statement. This form of statement and rhythm is the best medium for the nostalgic repeating of lost instances of beauty.

Someone has pointed out that in English poetry the elements of rhyme, repeated rhythms, and rich or exotic imagery come more or less from the influence of the Romance languages and verse forms; that the elements of abrupt rhythm, clipped speech, action, and realistic imagery are of Anglo-Saxon origin. MacLeish seems to be curiously aware of these two influences in our poetic language. He employs them separately. Passages in "The Hamlet" are very like Anglo-Saxon, rhythmically and in statement. But in his lyrics and his lyrical narratives MacLeish moves away from Anglo-Saxon rhymes, clipped dramatic speech, and boldly realistic imagery. Here he holds to simple statement of emotion, often descriptive, to a loose sentence structure, and to colorful imagery, never exactly complex or lush but serving as an embroidery and a repetition of his theme. Thus he combines the usual essentials of narrative verse with those of lyrical verse, and his overemphasis on the lyrical side is just sufficient to prevent him from being a dramatic storyteller; it is not so strong as to dwarf his ability to tell a tale in episodic moments of beauty.

In his narratives and in his lyrics MacLeish employs a speaker who tells the tale. This speaker is almost never, at the moment, an actor in the story. He is indulging simply in nostalgic day-dreaming over a lost past. What effect has this on the reader? What mood does this use of the narrator induce? The reader reacts with a similar nostalgia, that of recollection. The reader is not thrust into the immediate action. He is called upon to recollect passion, beauty, heroism. This he does, but only after he is persuaded into the mood of the poem by the music of the poem. Then MacLeish's pictures of lost power and loveliness begin to pervade his senses. If the reader is in an active, decisive state of mind, he may resist both the poet's music and his nostalgia, and surely he will resist the poet's philosophy.

MacLeish's nostalgia is less dramatic than Eliot's, in a sense less passionate. It is not the fatuous and repetitive day-dreaming of Aiken. In his general attitude toward life MacLeish again resembles Pound of the many lyric poems. To the general feeling of defeat prevalent among these poets of the past he has contributed only one idea—that the American poet *must* return to his own land, cannot remain in exile. Though in his own land he be unhappy, there he must stay or be rootless. MacLeish states that he speaks to his own lost generation and wishes to speak to no one else. Certainly he sums up the feelings of that generation. He states their sad desire to retreat and their inability quite to neglect the present. MacLeish's strongest passion is a sense of irrevocable loss. He recognizes only to reject the almost violent images which the world presents of gains that must be made.

What we seem to need today, leaving aside for once all questions of a poet's sociological outlook, is the poet like Hop-

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kins who can develop richer powers of association in language, more exactness and directness of expression, the poet who is a whole man and not a cripple sensuously or intellectually. Whatever that poet's particular philosophy might be, so long as it was based on an intellectual incisiveness and a direct rather than a remote or oblique awareness of sensuous delight in the actual world, he would have something to say to the present generation.

All the poets of the "Waste Land" school have been crippled. They have developed, therefore, an amazing precocity in sensations of suffering and defeat, a passionate life in letters. But they are not whole. They could not be. They have developed a superb technique for poetry, but they have also inevitably chosen a philosophy of despair and a nostalgia for the past. In MacLeish this philosophy has influenced imagery, syntax, rhythm, and in his poems it is so fused with these elements as to find almost perfect expression. Poets may, to be sure, write of whatever they please, must certainly write whatever they feel most, but no school of poetry which so perfectly expresses one generation of people as does MacLeish's is likely to express another, younger generation as well. So we progress.

EDA LOU WALTON

Homo Nordicus—U.S.A.

The Conquest of a Continent, or the Expansion of Races in America. By Madison Grant. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

AS is fitting, this volume—a profession of faith and the exposition of the tenets of that faith—is introduced by one who has long battled at the side of the author for racial purity and the higher civilization. "The character of a country depends upon the racial character of the men and women who dominate it," begins this word of praise from Henry Fairfield Osborn, who continues as follows:

> My faith is unshaken in the ultimate beneficial recognition of racial values and in the stimulating and generous emulation aroused by racial consciousness. . . . I set great store by the great mass of documentary evidence assembled by Grant in the present volume. I think it explodes the bubble of the opponents of racial values, that they are merely myths. The theme of the present work is that America was made by Protestants of Nordic origin and that their ideas about what makes true greatness should be perpetuated. That this is a precious heritage which we should not impair or dilute by permitting the entrance and dominance of alien values and peoples of alien minds and hearts. . . . I stand with the author not only in nailing his colors to the mast but in giving an entirely indisputable historic, patriotic, and governmental basis to the fact that in origin and evolution our country is fundamentally Nordic.

Thus the distinguished paleontologist leads the reader to the expectation of great things. This, however, is unfortunately not realized, for instead of a documented presentation of data, one finds only page after page of historical generalizations and anthropological errors. The book, indeed, has no documentation at all, unless the eighteen-page bibliography be so regarded, and even these titles, the sources from which material for a "racial" interpretation of American history has presumably been drawn, do not bear close analysis. Not only does one miss the names of most students—of no matter what type of theoretical complexion—who have worked in the field of race, but also the names of numerous outstanding American historians.

Beginning with the "cradle of mankind," the author envisages a process of racial differentiation that is in direct contradiction to the more widely accepted contemporary scientific position. Characterizing this position as "old-fashioned," it is thus maintained that the process which Mr. Grant envisages has produced types of mankind so distinct that they must be regarded as different species rather than races. Even after admitting that "race is hard to define," and recognizing the extensiveness of race crossing, the author does not hesitate to interpret not only American but human history in terms of this very word. Inevitably, the book is not the more easily understandable for this and other lapses from logic that characterize it. Thus, Mr. Grant, though apparently quite in accordance with the position held by authorities that "it is unsafe to attribute the inception of any cultural feature to a given race," and with its corollary, that to mark a physical type because of its language or social behavior leads to error, finds no difficulty in maintaining the thesis that American culture has been determined by the "Nordic Protestantism" of a single group in the population. Similarly, in discussing the "racial" types which he claims characterize the several States of the Union, he is able to take the fact that many of the people of Louisiana do not claim English as their native tongue and are followers of the Catholic church as a reproach to their Americanism.

Space does not permit restatement, to say nothing of quotation, of point after point of opinion in this "documented" presentation. It is with some regret that the temptation to detail discussions of immigration and segregation laws, of rules for registration and deportation of aliens, of the countries to the north and south of the United States, and of the white man's burden must be forgone. It may merely be stated that the work is of the type which, exemplified in earlier books by this same author and by those who agree with him, raised such a storm of scholarly protest as to justify the feeling that the last of them had been seen. Such works, however, are apparently still being written.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

Distinguished Failure

De Vriendt Goes Home. By Arnold Zweig. The Viking Press. $2.50.

LIKE "Sergeant Grischa," Zweig's latest book portrays an individual tragedy against a background of social conflict. "De Vriendt Goes Home" is only superficially a novel of Zionism. Departing from the realism of the earlier work, Zweig uses the locale of Palestine and the specific conflicts of the Zionist movement as a means to project the story in semi-allegorical terms, exploring those ultimate issues that confront the poet and philosopher rather than the propagandist for any immediate cause. As in "Grischa," the question at issue is justice; but where the emphasis there was on the injustice that a mass upheaval may work in the individual destiny, "De Vriendt" takes up the problem of justice in the formal sense. There is the symbolic figure of the English secret-service agent who tracks down a murderer, only to condone the crime in the end, and set the murderer free. Here, as in Wassermann's "Maurizius Case," the justified crime forms the theme, and a poetic and ethical insight is opposed to the conventional judgments of society.

De Vriendt, the protagonist, is a strange and complex personality, a man whose psychic predicament might serve as material for the writing of a modern "Faust." An orthodox Dutch Jew, a member of the Agudists—the most fanatical and mystical of the orthodox sects—he is secretly involved in a homosexual relationship with an Arab boy. This pagan love creates an inner conflict that he cannot resolve, and he appeases his sense of guilt by writing a long and blasphemous poem called "The Trial of God." Outwardly, however, he remains the medieval Agudist, in bitter conflict with the modern spirit of Zionism, and an enemy of all secularization of Jewish life. He insti-

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gates a plan to alienate British support from the Zionists, to form an alliance with the Arabs, and to renounce the Jewish claim to possession of the Wailing Wall. Publication of the plan infuriates all camps. The Arabs, ripe for uprising, hail De Vriendt as the instrument of God. The Zionists denounce him as a traitor; the English secret service prepares to seclude him, knowing that his murder will be the signal for chaos. With the sultry and ominous landscape of Palestine as backdrop, the story shuttles skilfully between individual drama and political conflicts, follows the adventures of the Englishman Irmin in his pursuit of the young radical Zionist who murders De Vriendt, vividly reports the Arab uprisings, and gives cross-sections of the various hostile groups within the Zionist movement.

While a fine passion for justice and humanity animates the book, the strength of the novel does not lie in its ethical fervor but rather in those parts that make concrete Zweig's emotion in characterization or in straight realistic narrative. The inner conflicts from which De Vriendt suffers could in themselves form the theme of the novel; and the chapter describing his death, in which De Vriendt beholds Jehovah, whom he has rejected, and is received back again, is a unique and impressive piece of fantasy. Again, The Death of an Old Man, in which the aged pioneer Nachmann begs his comrades "not to waste a useful bit of earth" for his grave, has all the simplicity and powerful realism of the Russian writers.

This last chapter proves the sheer power of strong realistic writing as against allegorical mysticism. The book suffers from a tendency toward mysticism, a peculiarly German variety, that dominates even so naturalistic a study as "Alexanderplatz," and crops out in the rational Thomas Mann whenever he deals with the psychic aspects of death. On the whole, "De Vriendt" does not come off. But its failure is due to a too great exuberance of allegory and a chaotic richness of ideas.

GERTRUDE DIAMANT

Peace by Default

Peace by Revolution. By Frank Tannenbaum. Columbia University Press. $3.50.

THIS is Frank Tannenbaum's "interpretation" of Mexico. Better stated, it is a distillation, an intellectualized summary, often in dialectic, of his extensive investigations and first-hand findings. All distilled *tequila,* to put the metaphor into Mexican terms, looks alike and tastes alike; the maguey plant from which it comes, however is a growing thing, individualized, rooted in the soil, of remarkable aesthetic stimulation.

Tannenbaum is well equipped to make such a distillation. He has been in Mexico many times and for extended periods; his previous study of the agrarian problem was heaped with ample statistics and tabulated most of the laws, some of which have been enforced; he has ridden far and wide through the country in search of material on education. Though he is thus well qualified to make the present sweeping generalizations, less opinion and more homely close-ups of Mexican life—the knack which makes Hindus's books on the Soviet Union so admirable—would provide us with a more convincing and living picture than does the present semi-academic and oracular version.

I sympathize heartily with most of Tannenbaum's specific analyses, though not always with his exuberant optimism or his contemporary judgments. His thesis is very similar to that of Stuart Chase, but with some of the exaggerations toned down; and unlike Chase he has not taken a non-typical community, so thoroughly studied by Robert Redfield, and improperly elevated it to a type in order to make unfortunate conclusions; he draws upon a vaster store of knowledge and personal observation. But the general thesis that Mexico has been more or less in decline and has suddenly started on the upgrade with the post-Díaz revolution distorts history and irradiates the achievements of the revolution with too much sweet hopefulness.

The first half of the book, background material, contributes nothing new, but is a clear exposition not encumbered with too much finesse; the best part deals with the revolution, and on this the author's material on education contributes considerable new data. If in the first part he rather glosses over the church-state struggle, in the latter part he tells us most convincingly of the brighter aspects of the 1910-20 revolution.

It was a great social upheaval; it fundamentally altered human social relationships; it abolished peonage; it created the free village; it introduced enlightened labor reforms; it gave away a certain amount of land; it promoted popular education; and today it is building roads, teaching students athletics, and capably "managing" its currency. Its achievements are notable.

What Tannenbaum fails to inform us of—and this is inexcusable at this late date—is that, except for popular education, the revolution reached its maximum expression about 1926, at the time of the arrival of Ambassador Morrow; and that since then its purposes have been increasingly aborted, agrarian reform has been largely sidetracked, the leadership has to a great extent, for opportunistic reasons and for the accumulation of private wealth, largely betrayed the popular hopes. This is a normal cycle, but it should have been recorded even at the expense of anti-climax.

Tannenbaum gives no record of the smash-up of the Mexican labor and peasant movements by Portes Gil and his successors, or of the implications of the relations of the workers and peasants with the present semi-fascist, one-party ruling group, the National Revolutionary Party (P. N. R.). He leads us to believe that the peasant is expanding his organizations; actually they have been largely destroyed or converted into meaningless tails to the kite of the P. N. R. He lauds the peasant leagues of Vera Cruz and San Luis Potosí, without warning us that they are adjuncts to the political ambitions of Governor Tejeda and General Cedillo, the latter infamous for his jailing and murdering of striking teachers.

Tannenbaum's praise of the labor leader, Morones, should be checked up with Gruening's documented study, "Mexico and Its Heritage," for Morones's graft, bureaucracy, racketeering, and palatial living, his destruction of rival unions, his utilization of his position as Secretary of Labor to crush the Jalisco mine strikes and break up the 1926-27 railway strike, were important factors, far more so than the opposition of Obregón, in the decline and defeat of the Mexican labor movement. Tannenbaum tells us that today "labor unionism is probably stronger than it was." Ridiculous. The revolution gave labor much, but when he speaks of "labor's present power" as an organized reality, he is dealing with ghostly memories. Labor was not even given a voice in the formulation of the final labor code.

Tannenbaum ends one of his chapters on labor legislation with the statement that the Díaz style of capitalism is dead, "and a new type, more native, more Mexican, has come on the horizon and is replacing the previous forms. Here the revolution has created something new and challenging." But beyond these evasive phrases the matter is not elucidated. Here, indeed, may well be the clue to the post-1926 developments, here may even turn out to be the key to the whole Mexican revolution. Mexican labor was utilized to combat foreign capitalism and thereby won some advantages. But as soon as Mexican nationalism had won the day against American diplomacy, and the ruling group had utilized its political position to found a native bourgeoisie, labor was smashed, and its role has been increasingly difficult. Tannenbaum's book gives no hint that new armed struggles are impending to vindicate the revolution and make new advances. Except for the chapters on edu-

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cation, the present book could be dated 1926. It might be well to remember that Gruening's monumental book, with its hard, exact appraisals, its encyclopedic information and documented case studies, was printed in 1928.

CARLETON BEALS

Three Books on the New Deal

The Roosevelt Revolution. By Ernest K. Lindley. The Viking Press. $2.50.

Roosevelt and His America. By Bernard Fay. Little, Brown and Company. $2.75.

The Future Comes. By Charles A. Beard and George H. E. Smith. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

AFTER reading these three works on the New Deal, along with several others, one is convinced that it is still too early to attempt a sound critical analysis, in book length, of the Roosevelt experiment. The Administration's economic and social program is not yet out of its formative stage. Changes in direction and tempo and even in ultimate purpose are bound to be made as this or that section of the program proves unworkable or unpopular. Until a more definite pattern has developed and results of measurable weight have appeared, it would seem the better part of wisdom to refrain from formulating anything resembling a definitive criticism of Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal. Indeed, so rapidly has the scene been changing that it would probably be better to leave the task of criticism to the journalists.

The first of the three frankly sympathetic studies here under consideration is, of course, journalism rather than scholarly criticism. Mr. Lindley presents an exceedingly friendly though at all times sober review of the first six or seven months of the Roosevelt Administration. His is essentially a recapitulation of well-known facts and interpretations concerning the New Deal—"A History of the New Deal," according to his own subtitle—but he imparts a number of personal, human touches and relates a number of little-known facts which, together with the freshness and coherence of his style, make his study something substantially more than a mere rehash of newspaper clippings. Mr. Lindley endeavors at all times to be fair—to the Republicans by giving them credit for such little good as they did achieve while they were in office, to Mr. Roosevelt by not attributing to him certain superlative qualities which the man clearly does not possess. One could wish that Mr. Lindley had brushed up on his foreign policy and his economics before writing this book. His knowledge of the history and fundamentals of American foreign policy is perhaps equal to that of the average Washington correspondent, which is saying very little; and he appears to have swallowed whole the economic theories which the miscalled "liberal" wing of the Administration has been putting forward.

M. Fay's work is really a diagnosis of the American temperament and an exposition of the clever manner in which Mr. Roosevelt has taken advantage of that temperament. According to M. Fay, the American people are at their best when facing a crisis, and therefore Mr. Roosevelt, "in order to obtain complete power and to win the sympathy of the whole nation, took care not to spare them the abrupt shock of reality" when the banking structure collapsed last March. M. Fay knows the American people and he knows American history. Best of all, perhaps, he knows Franklin Roosevelt, of whom he has given us a character sketch much more real and convincing than that presented in Mr. Lindley's study.

Messrs. Beard and Smith, at work on a comprehensive survey of American policy, needed an outline of the legislation enacted to date under the Roosevelt Administration. This outline or draft report has been printed under the title given above. It is without question the best factual digest of New Deal legislation available to date. The authors seek neither to appraise the Roosevelt Administration as a whole nor to dispute any of its theories or contentions, but merely to weigh and understand such laws as it has caused to be enacted. "The Future Comes" has little spice but much meat; indeed, much more meat than is to be found in either of the other two volumes.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Shorter Notices

Ah King. By W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Ah King was the name of a Chinese boy who accompanied Mr. Maugham as a servant on a trip through the Malay Peninsula, a trip which provided the material for these six stories of white officialdom. Despite an annoying indifference to train time Ah King was an admirable servant, efficient and wholly impersonal. It was his unexpected tears at parting which moved Mr. Maugham to use his name as a book title. This is the only display of such sentiment in the stories. Murder and incest, a nasty example of complacent cowardice, a nastier incident of the stupid peril of innocence, are treated with the same detachment as a rogue's improbable reform and a cuckold husband's first step toward wisdom. It is a suave, sleek method. When a story fails as The Vessel of Wrath does, it is the validity of the material which may be questioned and not the way it is handled. The Door of Opportunity succeeds because the balance between character and incident is recorded with a certainty and ease that make the narrative tense and exhilarating. If the author allows himself no feeling, neither does he indulge in the more intellectual sport of cynicism. This prohibits, of course, any great dramatic qualities or any satire. But Mr. Maugham, with disarming self-confidence in his truly acute powers of observation and in his technical skill, never attempts to produce more than exciting exhibitions of human behavior.

The Eugenic Predicament. By S. J. Holmes. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

An apter title for this book would be "A Eugenist's Predicament," for it reflects a biologist's vacillations between his loyalty to science and his allegiance to a cult. The result is a curious hodge-podge of fact and myth, of scientifically validated conclusions and unsubstantiated prejudices. The author at first graciously concedes many of the contentions of the critics of eugenics. Then with complete sang-froid he ignores these doubts while he parades the hoary, often-refuted eugenic chestnuts, and like a faithful missionary reasserts his faith in the eugenic theology. He acknowledges, for example, that insanity is not a definite clinical entity, but this does not deter him from presenting evidence treating it as such, to support his belief that insanity should be attributed to "bad heredity." He sees no incongruity in the eugenic creed that under capitalism occupational status is closely related to native ability, postulating, particularly for this country, that opportunity exists for unrestricted mobility from class to class for those "endowed with intelligence and ambition." Consequently he is agitated about differential fertility, fearing that the high birth-rate of the poor, who are to him synonymous with the biologically inferior, and the low birth-rate of the financially successful, to him superior stock, are leading to the deterioration of the race. This phobia obsesses him as it does all the eugenists, in spite of the fact that where contraceptive information is made available to the masses the birth-rate of all classes tends to be equalized and the difference in birth-rate may thus be regarded as a temporary one. The

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birth-rate of the industrial workers of Stockholm since the World War, for instance, is even lower than that of the bourgeoisie, and in Bremen there has been a relatively greater decline in the birth-rate among workers than among the wealthy and the middle classes. A clue to the set of the author's mind is given in a passing reference in which, with condescending joviality, he dismisses criticisms of the Nordic myth as products of the defense mechanism of Jewish anthropologists.

Rabble in Arms. By Kenneth Roberts. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

"Rabble in Arms" is a sequel to "Arundel," and carries the fortunes of two Yankee soldiers through the northern campaign of the Revolutionary War. It is solid, unreflective historical romancing—870 pages—in the manner of Scott, with the medieval glamor replaced by an American variety—redolence of rum and frying pork, wood smoke, pine forests, painted Indians. There is a veneer of realism in the treatment of the Revolutionary army, but nothing that should prevent the novel from becoming collateral reading in the public schools.

Victoria. By Arthur Ponsonby. Great Lives Series. The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

The author does not use the narrative method; he writes his little book as a series of essays: The Queen and Her Ministers, The Queen and Foreign Affairs, The Queen and the Empire, The Queen's Husband, etc. The advantage of the method is that a large volume of information can be conveniently handled; the disadvantage that it makes for less fluent reading than continuous narrative provides. Lord Ponsonby's portrait of Victoria is competent but hardly more.

The Dance

The Monte Carlo Ballet Russe

THE Monte Carlo Ballet Russe, which will give performances at the St. James Theater through January, presents a group of talented young dancers under the direction of Leonide Massine of the glamorous Diaghileff Ballet. The company also includes Woizikovsky, Dolin, and Danilova of the same famous group which America first saw in 1916.

The first ballet of the opening program, "La Concurrence," at once made it clear that the century-and-a-half-old art of the Russian ballet is alive to the spirit of our time, and is capable of adapting its technique even to the unlimited naturalism of André Derain, the French painter, who was the author and designer of this humorous ballet. A simple story of two competing tailors serves to bring to the stage a variety of excitable French townsfolk; and the choreography of George Balanchine is fresh, animated, and highly amusing throughout. The humor was enhanced by a bit of classical ballet danced by a group in tarlatan skirts of the "tutu" or lampshade era. Credit must be given to the admirable coordination of the group as a whole and to the accomplished and exquisite performance of the fifteen-year-old dancer Toumanova. Woizikovsky displayed the inexhaustible possibilities of bodily gesture. The music of Georges Auric, like the ballet, was contemporary in spirit but lived a far less successful life of its own.

The chief number of the evening was "Les Presages," Leonide Massine's translation into choreography of Tschaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, with décor by André Masson. Its structure approaches Diaghileff's dream of a synthesis in ballet form of the plastic, musical, and pictorial arts. But the dream remains unrealized. Perhaps the weakness lies in Massine's deliberate division of the symphony into four elaborate and disconnected scenes, or perhaps in the difficulties that symphonic music in general presents to the medium of the dance. Moreover, if André Mason's strident décor symbolized in a way the desperate conflict between destiny and man, the simplification of the stylized costumes came close to the banal, while the acid greens and garish purples distracted the attention from the perfect correlation of music and dance. In consequence, the ballet did no more than afford an opportunity for some astonishing dancing, marked by brilliant precision, beauty, and intelligence.

As a finale, in contrast to "Les Presages," came "Le Beau Danube," arranged from the music of Johann Strauss. No philosophical pretension here, only the smooth, graceful choreography of the versatile Massine, rich with midinette gaiety and hussar nonchalance.

So the influence of the genius, Serge Diaghileff, continues. His followers claim that they have resurrected his great work. They do utilize his technique and his idea of correlating the arts. But the Diaghileff ballet in its pioneering stage was a powerful movement, raising and solving problems of aesthetics, while the Monte Carlo group shows none of this turbulent creative spirit.

What is generally known abroad as the Ballet Russe is, of course, the Russian ballet as Diaghileff and Fokine developed it. The old Imperial Ballet was quite different. Only the technique was the same. The Diaghileff ballet, with its emotional significance, color, and freedom of movement, constituted a revolution against the coldly perfect Imperial Ballet, which was static and stylized, quite devoid of emotional content, and designed only for the expression of intricate choreographic patterns. The upheavals and aspirations of the years 1905-07 reached the ivory tower of the ballet and spurred the two romantic rebels, Fokine and Diaghileff, to create new forms. Needless to say, they met with stubborn resistance from an audience content with visual illusions. Fokine won his battle only after his triumph in Europe. Diaghileff went into voluntary exile to develop and express the potential qualities of Russian dancers and painters. Both, however, maintained the superb technique of the Imperial Ballet, which is evident in the dancing of the Monte Carlo group; and in Soviet Russia the State Ballet has also preserved this same technique, which has proved adaptable to the new and vastly different rhythms, themes, ideas, and feelings of a collective society.

LYDIA NADEJENA

Music

Orpheus in New York

THE two performances by the New York Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Nikolai Sokoloff, establish this organization as a valuable adjunct to the city's musical resources. The men seem to have been made particularly at home in music of a somewhat pensive quality, such as the Symphony in B Flat by Ernest Chausson, a secularly meditative pupil of the religiously meditative César Franck; the groans, sighs, and upward-reachings of Strauss's Death and Transfiguration; the more sentiment-loving moments of Brahms's Fourth Symphony; and Debussy's Blessed Damozel. In their choice of contemporary numbers, however, they are not happy.

The Debussy number—for soprano, contralto, chorus of frail women's voices, and orchestra—reminded us of the "Poesque" aesthetic which underlies the entire nineteenth-century genius of music. By this we mean the poet's intention to leave us with the mood he has imposed upon us. The work would

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provide no "formal release" for undoing what it had done to us. It would give us a realm of purgatorial moodiness to which there is a "way in" but no "way out," much as though one were to hypnotize a man and leave it at that, relying upon his own natural resistance for the restoration of his non-hypnotic temper. One devises the formula for the production of a spell; in Debussy's case, we are asked to acquiesce in a melancholy, an almost too Orphic "invitation," which can make us understand why even so musical a writer as Plato would have banished the softnesses of music from his Republic.

Where fit this art of wizardry into the ideals of a so-called "scientific" age? Our own conjecture is somewhat roundabout. It is that, since the quality of sound does have an intense capacity for the eliciting of emotional response (if one cares so to employ it), any marked extension of the expressive medium may lead correspondingly into marginal or exceptional states of consciousness. Hence, even devices discovered through sheer inventiveness, nimbleness, and curiosity may turn the sincere devotee toward remoter fields of imagination and sensibility, rare modalities of feeling that go with the rare modalities of tone. The inventor who, like an ancient alchemist, had begun by experimenting with his medium, is found in the end to have experimented upon himself and his fellows!

In any case, though much of contemporary music is but a new kind of parlor composition, a new kind of display piece in which dissonance and irregularity of rhythm happen to take the place occupied by trills, arpeggios, cadenzas, and runs in an earlier age, Debussy would go only so far as the emotions unmistakably followed. The result is not an industrious divertissement in new sound; it is religious enchantment, the suasive strategy of a magician, mournful formulas of a faith which is without the solidity of dogma, and perhaps wisely left vague. When hearing a work so thoroughly an embodiment of the romantic ideal—wherein the partial or exceptional or even dangerous experience is made, by lyric simplification and extension, to serve as the whole—we may ask ourselves whether the composer relies upon a certain lethargy or recalcitrance on the part of his audience, trusting that they will not really be convinced, but will lend themselves merely, will suspend their resistance only for the duration of the work, as with the story by Poe. And when recalling Thomas Mann's many tributes to the influence which Wagner exerted upon him, particularly the cumbrously beautiful reminiscences in his recent volume "Past Masters," we realize that these unresolved spells really can persist, that there have actually been "Northern wizards" surviving among us all these many centuries after the Druidic lore had supposedly vanished. As for the final act of liberation, the admonition "When I clap my hands and say 'awake' you will awaken," in the Poe aesthetic this "release" is purposely omitted—and the history of our first Wagnerites is the history of men whose hypnotic subjection to the master remained with them throughout their lives. Opera, as perfected during the nineteenth century, aimed to expand a rare moodiness, an exceptional exaltation, to the point where it served as an entire *Weltanschauung,* a philosophy of living. And perhaps the tendency of many modern composers to turn from opera to ballet, with its more mechanistic patterns, represents in a large part the attempt to reaffirm standards more in keeping with the ideals of "science." Yet the ballet itself continually reverts to the production of operatic moods—of emotional suasion as distinct from sheer intellectual maneuvers—possibly because of the fact that new forms of tonal and rhythmic imagination will tend to produce a corresponding readjustment in the qualities of our response. And thus it happens that, concomitantly with the "century of progress," when "pure science" and "disinterested mind" became the password, the Liszt-Wagner-Debussy devices of allurement were perfected.

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JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says

AH, WILDERNESS! Guild Theater. Tender and humorous story of a young boy trying to grow up. Highly entertaining but not one of O'Neill's major works.

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CHAMPAGNE, SEC. Shubert Theater. Irreverent adaptation of "Die Fledermaus." Gay, inexhaustibly tuneful, and consistently diverting.

DOUBLE DOOR. Ritz Theater. Exciting but not too convincing melodrama based on the Wendel case.

HER MASTER'S VOICE. Plymouth Theater. Clare Kummer at the top of her form provides a full evening of her original and slightly delirious kind of wit. With Roland Young and Laura Hope Crews.

LET 'EM EAT CAKE. Imperial Theater. Sequel to "Of Thee I Sing,' with Victor Moore and the other stars in continuations of their former roles. Very funny in spots but marred by a good deal of lost motion.

MARY OF SCOTLAND. Alvin Theater. Superb performances by Helen Hayes and Philip Merivale in a play by Maxwell Anderson. A great success though I found myself less moved than I should have been.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. The problems of a young doctor made into a surprisingly moving and absorbing play. Thanks to a superb production by the Group Theater it becomes one of the two current offerings which no one can afford to miss.

PEACE ON EARTH. Civic Repertory Theater. Rather flat-footed propaganda against capitalist war. Much liked by those who like that sort of thing.

SHE LOVES ME NOT. Morosco Theater. Fast and furious farce about a Princeton Galahad who rescues the wrong girl with unexpected results. Very fast and very funny.

SAILOR, BEWARE! Lyceum Theater. Adventures of a sailor in love. Entertainingly bawdy comedy in which the sex life of our naval heroes is treated without reserve. (P.M.)

THE GREEN BAY TREE. Cort Theater. Powerful and absorbing psychological portrait of a cultivated and somewhat effeminate egotist. Probably the most original play of the year, and like "Men in White" not to be missed by anyone interested in the theater.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. Avon Theater. Historical farce-comedy centering about the pleasant old New England custom of bundling. Spicy, impudent, and genuinely amusing.

THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS. Empire Theater. Arthur Guiterman and Lawrence Langner make a picturesque and flippant adaptation of Molière's "The School for Husbands." There is much difference of opinion concerning its merits as entertainment but I found it charming and funny, as well as not too far from the spirit of the original author. With June Walker and Osgood Perkins.

TOBACCO ROAD. Masque Theater. Grotesquely humorous treatment of human degeneracy as exemplified by the poor whites of Georgia, with a remarkable performance by Henry Hull. Not recommended to the squeamish.

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rary music recently furnished at the New School for Social Research. First was a Sonata for Piano, by Isador Freed, played by the composer—energetic playing, a steady attack of sound, manifesting that "manliness" which is still welcome for all that it comes easy to the piano. The work was more in the virtuoso concert manner than is the rule with American music. Next came Angels, by Carl Ruggles, for six flutes. Originally scored for muted trumpets, and also arranged for strings, it seems to have found in flutes the instrument that would wholly reinforce its "angelic" quality, at least in so far as flutes go up. In fact, they can even go up so buoyantly that one might call for something very heavy to hold them down, as when listening to Henry Brant's Concerto for Flute on the same program, since the soloist, Georges Barrère, was accompanied by nothing other than ten more flutes. Within the work there was much attempt at change, the first movement being in a tempo mainly slow, and the second given to a scherzo-like fluctuancy of mood. At least, that was the avowed intention—but the noticeability of the instruments prevailed above all else, making it a flutiness i' the extreme. Wallingford Riegger's Trio for Harp, Flute, and Cello, given the same evening by Carlos Salzedos, Georges Barrère, and Horace Britt, offered a well-balanced assortment of textures; a plucking, a whistle, and a buzz evidently make for a good distribution of sound in which the destiny of the composer's themes, as they go from voice to voice, can be easily followed. We should also mention a pleasurable display piece, Carlos Salzedo's Sonata for Harp and Piano, starring the harp and ending with a short coda-like procession that began faintly, grew strong, and slowly vanished. Of all the concerts given this season at the New School, this one was certainly the most noteworthy as regards the general quality of the performance. We should remember, from earlier concerts, the Quartet Number Four of Bela Bartok, played by the Brosa String Quartet—its first movement of sharp scraping; its second *con sordino,* tiny, intricate, like gossamer, partly because muted strings sound that way and partly because the music itself was swift and light; the third ponderous and sustained; the fourth *pizzicato,* with everything picked out; the fifth "conservative" of all that had gone before. Throughout, the performers conveyed the great authoritativeness of this composer. He finds many ways of keeping all his instruments going steadily about their business, all asserting themselves and not merely "helping out." One felt here the work of a skilled rhetorician, who could embark upon varied kinds of discourse with confidence. In closing we should also recall the String Quartet, by Ruth Crawford. Like those disturbances of attention which seem sometimes to manifest themselves as *Ideenflucht* (or flight of ideas) and at other times as *idée fixe,* her music had its moments when the voices were widely scattered and others when they clung to their discoveries with an almost angry tenacity, determined to remember it, to dwell upon it, to let nothing separate them from it. Thus particularly toward the end, when dissonance was abandoned and in its stead we got an insistent climbing and descending of scales which, if my memory and observation are correct, was done almost wholly in unison. Might one call this composer the Marianne Moore of music, having in mind thereby that great precision of statement, the epigrammatic quality, which distinguishes Miss Moore's verse? Again, as with Miss Moore's verse, this is not ease-music: it is feminine, but it is the caustic aspect of femininity.

Among forthcoming items to which one might look forward, we should mention the six concerts in a "Contemporary Chamber Music Festival," to be presented by the Roth Quartet at intervals beginning January 22. This quartet promises New York audiences an opportunity to hear several important works by contemporary American and European composers.

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Drama

On Adequate Acting

NO satire on the dramatic critic and his activity ever ends without some reference to his habit of concluding his reviews with the remark that Mr. So-and-so, as the hero, was adequate. For once, moreover, satire corresponds with fact, and there are several reasons why even the most voluble commentator usually breaks down when faced with the necessity of saying something about the average performance of the average play. One reason is that he cannot know very much about acting for the simple reason that most of his experience has been in a theater which affords almost no opportunity for comparing the interpretations of two performers in the same role. Another reason is that acting, as genuine interpretative art, hardly exists in America today. There are literally hundreds of "types" from whom a casting director with a good memory and an exhaustive card index can choose someone more or less fitted by nature to represent any particular contemporary character. There are also a score or more of men and women either sufficiently handsome or sufficiently gifted with a spectacular personality to attract the interest of an audience and thus to rate as "stars." But I doubt if it would be possible to find a dozen performers of either sex who are capable of forming for themselves an original conception of a character in a play and of projecting that conception in such a way as to give the spectator an insight which another performer would have failed to give.

After ten years of professional playgoing I can still count on my fingers the occasions when the adjective "adequate" did not say pretty much all that could honestly be said, or when we actually got a genuine interpretation made by a performer who knew what he was doing and who achieved an effect by the practice of a genuine art, instead of either blundering into it or—what is more usual in the case of stars—simply behaving in the manner which the audience had come to expect of him. Nearly four years ago Eva Le Gallienne gave a performance of Juliet which ought to have been praised even more than it was because it broke with a sugary tradition and created a believable character by presenting Shakespeare's heroine as a strong, impetuous, almost ruthless girl. Two years ago Romney Brent transformed a crude "nance" part in "The Warrior's Husband" into something to be remembered—and for his pains got mentioned as second in importance to an attractive girl with a good figure who was thereupon catapulted into stardom. Last year Leslie Adams in "Good-Bye Again" was given a role which consisted of few words and nothing much to do except to sit and wait, but by sheer force of his comic intelligence he made the whole play turn about him almost as much as it did about the nominal hero. There are other cases, of course, but there are not very many of them.

It so happens that the present season has been particularly rich in good performances—which means that three actors have earned for themselves the right to be taken seriously as interpretative artists. The first is J. Edward Bromberg, whose playing of the old doctor in "Men in White" is even more the result of a genuine power of interpretation than one is likely to realize unless one has seen him in another part—that, for example, of the love-sick merchant in "Big Night." The second is Osgood Perkins in "The School for Husbands," and the third is Henry Hull in "Tobacco Road." Mr. Perkins is perhaps the only actor except Romney Brent who has shown himself to be really at home in artificial comedy, where a consistent, non-realistic style must be created. Mr. Hull gives a performance which for completeness, for the integration of voice and gait and gesture, has not often been equaled in recent years. They deserve a greater reward than they are likely to get in our theater, and the least we can do is to point them out as exceptions to the rule that "adequate" is really adequate to describe a performance.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

[Mr. Troy's regular column of film criticism, which is unavoidably left out of this issue, will appear as usual next week.]

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Sunday Evening, January 7th, at 8:30
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EMIL LEDERER ARTHUR FEILER
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Seven lectures on immediate problems
Monday 8.30, January 8 to February 19
Morris S. Viteles Joseph Jastrow Wm. Moulton Marston
Everett Dean Martin Kurt Koffka Abraham Myerson
First lecture January 8, by Dr. A. A. Brill on
"Mental Factors in Financial Depressions."
Saturday Luncheon, Jan. 6 at 1:00 p.m. 55c.
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Write or phone for Bulletin of courses on Socialism, Economics, Literature, Psychology and other subjects.
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Contributors to This Issue

JAMES RORTY will publish this spring a book on advertising entitled "Advertising—Not to Praise."

JOHN STRACHEY is the author of "The Coming Struggle for Power" and "The Menace of Fascism."

MARGARET GREEN taught for three months in an Anglo-American school in Moscow and lived in a Zavod, twenty persons occupying three rooms.

LINCOLN REIS, a graduate student in philosophy at Columbia University, is engaged in research in medieval logic.

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